The Water Wendigo

Posted originally on the Archive of Our Own at http://archiveofourown.org/works/24135037.

Rating:	Mature
Archive Warnings:	Graphic Depictions Of Violence, Rape/Non-Con
Category:	M/M
Fandom:	Hannibal (TV)
Relationships:	Will Graham/Wendigo, Will Graham/Hannibal Lecter, Will Graham & Beverly Katz, Alana Bloom & Will Graham
Characters:	Will Graham, Wendigo (Hannibal), Hannibal Lecter, Beverly Katz, Jack Crawford, Will Graham's Dogs, Alana Bloom
Additional Tags:	Fishing, Wendigo, Alternate Universe - Canon Divergence, Hannibal Lecter is a Cannibal, Will Graham Loves Hannibal Lecter, Hannibal Lecter Loves Will Graham, Dark Will Graham, Will Graham is a Cannibal, Will Graham Has Encephalitis, Wendigo Hannibal Lecter, Wendigo Will Graham, Hurt/Comfort, Rough Sex, Alternate Universe - Creatures & Monsters, Rape/Non-con Elements, Slow Burn, Implied/Referenced Self-Harm, Crime Scenes, Canon-Typical Violence, Will Graham collects strays, First Kiss, First Time, Falling In Love, Human/Monster Romance, Bloody
Language:	English
Stats:	Published: 2020-05-11 Completed: 2020-06-16 Words: 39,728 Chapters: 36/36

The Water Wendigo

by MihaT

Summary

***

This fanfic is inspired by Abenaki story about the Water Wendigo as introduced here (a little SPOILER-ish).

Russian translation: https://ficbook.net/readfic/9646477

Will Graham knows well the stories people tell about his favorite fishing creek - but he also knows very well that the real monsters are not hiding in forests and darkness, they are walking among people - as ones of us.

...r-right?

This is a story about a man who may or may not fall in love with a monster.

Read to find out 👀

I have a few illustrations drawn by some lovely Fannibals, too! (if you want to add more, I'd love it!)

Thank you a lot for being my awesome beta, dear @vinylmurdersuit (twitter) <3

The non-con warning is for chapter 21 and 22! (plus it's time to time mentioned/referenced in following chapters)

In the water

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Will's day at work was terrible again – but today more than usual. He found that killer, the Minnesota Shrike, and many would call it a success. Jack did, several times. But Will, who could still smell blood on his hands, had a different definition of that word. When a man kills his wife and daughter, that's not a success. When a young girl bleeds out under your hands, that's not a success… Will pressed fingers against his closed eyelids and tried to shake the sight of the bloodbath out of his mind. Jack offered him the contact information of an FBI therapist - well, he was pretty uncompromising about the necessity of arranging a session… However, Will knew how important his help was for the head of the BAU and assured Jack once again that no one is ever allowed inside of his head. Definitely not those psycho-people. He would prefer the company of serial killers over them. Garrett Jacob Hobbs smiled from his subconsciousness. The need to clean up his mind, to forget everything about the Minnesota Shrike at least until tomorrow, became pressingly urgent.

Once all his dogs got everything they needed, Will grabbed his fishing equipment. There was that perfect small creek near his home, surrounded by trees. Other people were usually avoiding it due to some nearby deaths in the past and native legends full of blood. However, Will would be able to spend a whole day in the stream; let it carry away all his troubles...

Clothed in his waders, Will stepped deep into the water. Its first touch was cold as always but soon, he got used to it. Considering previous events, the creek might turn into a river of blood anytime - in Will's mind, it already had. He felt so lost despite this being his first case. Jack had told him how it was all going to be better with time... Instead of waiting for it, Will considered quitting the cooperation with the FBI. But he knew - and had been soundly reminded - that human lives depended on him. There were people they could save, killers they could catch - and they could do it faster with his help. And that is supposed to be the right thing to do, the direction we all should go to create a better world…

Yeah, blah blah blah.

Will knew he couldn't leave the FBI, not without feeling like trash. Although, did he feel any better now? Will turned his eyes down to look at his wet hands as they worked to bind the leader and tippet of his pole together. But everything he touched was obscured by Abigail's blood again. Will closed his eyes promptly, hoping the bloodbath would disappear before he opens them again. Without the need to watch his nimble fingers, Will completed the so-called blood knot as well as all other preparations. A sigh of relief left his lungs when he was able to see limpid water surrounding his thighs. He gathered up the pole, ready to cast his line, but… There was that kind of lovely tradition of naming one's bait to find out who cherishes you back. Will could use this false vow of love right now, just to feel a little better. But did he ever have a person whose name would be appropriate? He never felt very well among other people… Alana Bloom, maybe? Will nodded to himself and finally cast his lure. With a small plip, it broke the surface, but not far enough. He completely ruined the first cast.

Nice.

And the following ones weren't much better. He felt unusually terrible today and it reflected in his skills a lot. He sucked. For the fifth time, Will tried to name his bait after someone who cherished him back for sure. At least, he thought it must be the truth when the Winston bait plunked in the distance. For a while, Will thought about his dogs, how they are the only beings who truly cared about him - and who he truly cared about. Many times, Will had thought about this and yes, he would kill a human to save a dog. Without any hesitation.

Will returned to the real world right in time to see his lure disappear. The stream washed it away, behind a high bank where the creek curved, far in front of him. Raising a hand, Will shaded his eyes from the sun, trying to see where the lure was.

Damn!

He tried to reel the line back in but it was firmly stuck somewhere.

Just great!

Carefully, he moved forward to find the root or stone that tried to steal his hook. He had to go slow as his foot might easily slip with each step. The stream increased speed closer to the curve. However, before Will reached the right place, his lure freed itself. To the great surprise of its owner, it returned to him with a fish. His mood rose immediately.

So, Winston brought me the first catch , Will smiled.

When he pulled the hook out of the fish's mouth, Will noticed something strange on the fly. It kind of reminded him of his own black hair... Maybe a part of a decomposed root or the underwater grass which trapped his lure a while ago and wrapped around it - before the fish found it? Will tried to touch the thing, but the fish in his other hand moved. Its slippery body almost fell back into the stream. He simply couldn't let that happen!

Will had to drop the lure and grab the fish with both hands. For a short moment he felt a temptation to return this poor being its freedom. However, he might not be this lucky again and Will had already planned to have fish for tonight's dinner… Therefore, he pulled out a fishing net from his vest and pushed the fish inside. Meanwhile, the water carried away his abandoned lure, returning it to the curve. Will quickly reeled it back. And suddenly, his zero expectations turned into a big smile when another fish came with it.

A second surprise! With a raised brow, Will decided that the black thing, whatever it was, must be very tempting for the fish. So he did the easiest thing he could do - recast the pole without cleaning it.

By the time the blue color withdrew from the sky and the reddish glow of dying sunlight dragged his eyes, Will had caught more fish than ever before. While packing his gear a memory hit his mind. There was an old story about a monster living around creeks like this one, whose black fur would lure a fish with each cast. Just as happened to Will today... Although, fortunately, he saw no more monsters after Garrett Jacob Hobbs. Will knew that story from a fishing book. The being would give the gift of its fur to any fisherman with one very important condition: sharing. If the fisherman would not share his catch, he would be eaten alongside it.

Damn it!

Will shivered, then laughed. Of course, he wouldn't believe such a *stupid* superstition! But the sky was bloody and his net heavy… Maybe he could leave a fish or two as a symbolic sacrifice for the creek. A hungry fox or coyote from the nearby forest would appreciate it anyway, *right?* Will laughed again, then placed three of his catches on the bank.

"Thank you," he whispered, shaking head at his own weirdness. But at least, he finally smiled!

Chapter End Notes

art: Fisherman Will by @bb_artonsy (Twitter)

Dark arts of fly-fishing

Chapter Summary

Will is observing "the black thing" a bit closer. Besides that, he keeps working on terrible murder cases, and the more he does, the more he loves fishing. It's helping him to calm down, because despite pretending everything goes fine - it does not. And it seems someone is lurking around his home...

Maybe Alana could help?

***
This fanfic is inspired by Abenaki story about the Water Wendigo as introduced here.

It's finished, I'll try to post 1 chapter a day. I have a few illustrations drawn by some lovely Fannibals, too! (if you want to add more, I'd love it!)

Thank you a lot for being my awesome beta, dear @vinylmurdersuit (twitter) <3

The non-con warning is for a chapter closer to the end, you'll be warned again :)

The black substance hadn't fallen off the lure even after it dried up. After dinner, Will took it out of its box to check it out properly. Curious noses of the dogs followed it as if they could eat it. The aroma must be enticing for them; they never cared that much about Will's lures... When Will put the bait under his magnifying glass, he could see without any doubt that it was not old grass or wood from the bottom of the creek. He clearly recognized the pattern of hair. Shivers running down his spine returned as Will carefully touched that mysterious soft fur. *Of course, it never belonged to any real monster!* He grinned. Instead of a root, the hook probably had stuck in the fur of an animal that had run away before Will could have seen it. *A raccoon, maybe?* Anyway, the fish seemed to truly like it so Will tied it on the fly properly. This might have been a useful accident.

The morning after, he followed his dogs back to the creek. Just a little walk before Jack would call him off to work again… Remembering the fish from yesterday, Will looked for them - but all three were gone. That didn’t surprise him at all; it rather felt good that they did not go to waste. His dogs hesitantly sniffed around the place before they ran back to the house. Will wasn't sure since when the wild has become so scary for them. Maybe that was something that came with domestic life? With a subtle sigh Will followed them back home.

The next time he had a free afternoon, Will felt much better than he had after the death of Abigail Hobbs. He thought fishing could go much better, too. Besides, it had been raining a lot in the past few days so the creek surface probably rose up and streams were flowing stronger. That could bring some new fish into the creek.

Theoretically.

Praxis happened to be a bit different. Standing in the cold water for about an hour, Will caught nothing but flu, maybe. He felt like his abilities had drifted away - or hadn't they? Will's gaze fell on his tackle box, patiently waiting on the bank. Inside of it there lay that one lure which caught him so many fish last time! And because Will was sure as hell that nothing supernatural had influenced it, the catch had been nothing but his own success. *Let's see if the past will repeat itself!*

And it did!

In about two hours, his net was more than full. Each cast had really brought him a fish since he swapped the lures. Guiltily, he placed some fish on the bank before he left. Since then, Will did it, again and again, catching a net full of fish whenever he used that special lure.

Every single time.

They said don't feed wild animals… But would it be that bad if a coyote or fox became a friend of his? They weren't that different from dogs, after all. And what if something else kept coming for its share of the catch?

Not only was it a period of big catches and mind-blowing murder cases which resulted in even bigger catches. Will also noticed his dogs became kind of unsettled, especially at night. Each unexpected noise or move seemingly disturbed them. From time to time they barked at doors or windows for no discernible reason. Will checked it once or twice but no one ever had been there. He started to believe that his own inner troubles influenced the rest of his family more than he would like it to.

Though they might be doing it to each other. Sometimes, strange noises woke him up in the middle of the night and he could only guess whether they came from outside, from his dogs or from his terrible nightmares full of blood. Claws scratching. Howling… He never saw any predator or its traces around his yard. So those noises had to be from his dreams. Or from hallucinations. He has gone through some, unless it all was just his overwhelming imagination influenced by all the murderers around.

Will knew how to pretend everything was absolutely fine - to others and to himself. However, tonight's noises turned into something special. Bloodcurdling screams as if someone was being murdered. Not necessarily a human being, maybe a deer or something. *Maybe* . But it sounded like something dying straight under his window and Will didn't have the nerve to look outside. He just shut his eyes tightly and pushed a pillow over his ears. When morning came, of course there was nothing dead around the house. But he couldn't have imagined it all, could he? What if there was an injured animal somewhere between the nearby trees? Maybe a little help while looking for it wouldn't spoil anything… Although, Will mostly needed someone to help him recognize reality from his imaginary world if he found something lying in a pool of blood.

So, he called Alana.

Waiting for her on the porch, he thought about the undeniable absurdity in the air. After this long waiting, how could they find anything alive? Alana arrived and of course nothing happened but an awkward walk. Talking about whether they are dating while she suspected him of being a bit crazy… Finally, they decided to give up on searching for the likely nonexistent body. Alana could see Will's nerves were on edge so she suggested they might do something relaxing.

"What do you usually do to relax, Will?"

And that was how they decided to go fishing. At least, Will casted the pole while Alana watched him from the bank.

"I'm impressed how easy fly fishing seems to be for you," she laughed after a while. "Looks like you get a fish with each cast, what a talent!" Will laughed back, saying nothing about his secret weapon. He dared to hope there would be no call from Jack today and spending the day in Alana's company turned out to be very nice. She never had been alone with Will before. He kind of suspected it was all intentional as if she did her best to avoid him. But being together now, Will could imagine doing it more often. It felt good and-

"Hey, Will, I'm getting kinda cold here! If you are feeling better, I would like to go home, okay?" She smiled and Will freaked out.

"No! Wait!" He reeled the line in fast, let the last fish go, and rushed to the bank. "I mean," this quickly it became awkward again! "Look at this," Will held up the net full of his catch. "I have more than enough already, I will give you some if you'd like. Either way, would you mind a cup of tea or coffee to warm you up before leaving?"

Mistakes

Chapter Summary

There's a kiss.

And there's something outside, in the night.

Or someone?

Will our Will finally meet his "monster" or is it all happening only in his head?

***
This fanfic is inspired by Abenaki story about the Water Wendigo as introduced here.

It's finished, I'll try to post 1 chapter a day. I have a few illustrations drawn by some lovely Fannibals, too! (if you want to add more, I'd love it!)

Thank you a lot for being my awesome beta, dear @vinylmurdersuit (twitter) <3

The non-con warning is for a chapter closer to the end, you'll be warned again :)

Chapter Notes

Chapter 1 has a new drawing at its end! :)

The moment they sat down in Will's house he knew this would eventually take a turn for the worse. She questioned his intentions again and then they talked about all the nightmares and strange noises. Will felt so insecure, weak… Unstable! And suddenly, during an eye-blink, he thought: *What if a kiss could help me? Or stop her?*

Alana's lips felt about right on his own. At first, she returned the kiss with passion and it seemed that she might stay a little longer. Then she pushed Will away, almost angrily, shaking.

"Dammit, this was a mistake!"

"It didn't feel like one." With a single finger, Will stroked a curl of her hair.

"I'm so sorry, Will. We can't be together this way. Let's stay friends, okay? Thank you for the tea and, ehm…" her eyes lowered as she waved at him and practically ran out of the door. Will

closed the door behind her and pressed his forehead against the cooling wood.

What an idiot I am! "Alana, wait!" He rushed out of the door but it was too late. The lights of her car just disappeared behind the trees. Will hadn't even realized how late it was. But now he could see the dark sky, feel the cold air flowing around him. His big dog family ran out of the door right behind him so he decided to let them be. At least someone could have a nice evening… Sitting on his porch, Will forgot the time or cold ever existed. Subtle night sounds almost rocked him to sleep.

Until the atmosphere changed entirely.

His dogs began barking at something in the dark. Then, the unfortunately familiar scream roared out and they ran back home with flattened ears and scared whines. And for the first time, Will noticed a suspicious movement in a nearby bush.

SHIT!

He returned to the house only to grab a rifle from his old gun cabinet. And a flashlight. Then he locked all the dogs inside to keep them safe. With the first steps into the dark he felt terrible. Fear soaked into his mind and his temperature very likely spiked sometime between Alana and this. His head was pounding… But if something or someone was lurking around his house, maybe even for weeks, he couldn't just let it go. Despite the fear, despite how awful he felt!

However, the strength of his decision faded altogether as he moved beyond the reach of the house lights. Darkness surrounded him; even the small crescent of the moon just hid itself behind grey clouds.

"I'm not scared," whispered Will to himself as he walked without knowing a proper direction. He couldn't see the sudden movement but heard it clearly - it was close! Pointing his rifle into the gloom, Will exclaimed: "I'm armed!" The tiny cone of light from his flashlight revealed nothing but bushes and grass around him. Except for the noises from that unseen being, the surrounding area was too quiet, even for a night. No one answered Will's call so he made a few more steps.

And then again, the crawling sound next to him. So close that he should be able to stretch a hand and grab onto something… Will turned fast, but there was just emptiness. Again.

"Damn it! I should go back…" he whispered, unable to hold his flashlight steady. All of this was too much! But something rooted deep in his core forced him to go further. Continue. Until-

He could hear it clearly, a low roar right behind him. The short hairs on his nape instinctively bristled before his brain even realized what that meant. Was it a haze of warm breath that Will just felt on his skin? Something big and dangerous probably stood right behind him and Will couldn't move. The air itself seemed so thick that it was hard to catch his breath when he felt a touch on his shoulder. Will simply expected it would slice his throat right there, without even revealing itself. Instead, the creature smashed Will's rifle and flashlight out of his hands. The strength of that strike vibrated through his whole body, leaving Will unable to protect himself when the gun fell into dust under his feet. The sound of two breaths repeated in terrifying tandem filled Will's ears. All other noises of the night stopped existing. Finally, he managed to at least move his head. The light of the flashlight climbed up the clouds of mist and allowed him to recognize the dark shape of a tall human with majestic antlers on its head. Will's pupils widened. Another wave of

fear forced him to look away before the clouds withdrew from the moon to allow him a better look.

What if he would find out it was real?

But it couldn't be, right? He must be hallucinating! But then… Whose claws were wandering around his body, whose cold nose just pressed against his nape? The monster breathed in the smell of his dread and purred. But the purr rapidly transformed into an angry snarl. Will just hoped it couldn't smell Alana on his skin and hunt her down after it was finished with him. No doubt remained in Will that it was going to tear him apart - soon. Its nose moved behind Will's ear. Within a second something rough and wet touched his cheek. Will knew it was a tongue, big, hungry, and probably as dark as the night around him. It felt like a very coarse sandpaper against his skin.

And now it will bite me, Will thought. Instead, the being finally decided to step out of the darkness. As moonlight tore up through clouds, it straightened right in front of Will. Now he could fully appreciate all its terrifying aspects. Long claws and longer antlers - with at least 5 sharp points each. Obsidian-dark skin laid tight around its muscles, tensed, prepared to attack. Almost human legs were elongated from ankles, ended with the biggest stag-like hooves Will had ever seen. The being was naked, which allowed him to quickly identify it as a male. If Will yet had some hopes to survive this unrealistic meeting, they dropped right at that moment. When it wasn't for offspring, males were usually more dangerous than females in most of the known animal species.

However, *could this even be considered an animal?* It seemed more like a demon straight from hell… The creature moved forward and Will finally managed to retreat. At least a bit, one single step backward. His heart skipped a beat when the monster jumped closer and clasped Will's head between both of its strong hands. Points of the sharp claws dug into Will's skin, forced him to stand still, letting out a single warning growl. But Will wouldn't dare to move anyway. If this should be his end, at least it might be fast if he didn’t fight back.

Or maybe not. The being bowed over him. Although its teeth remained hidden, Will could almost feel them tightening around his throat. Will's heartbeat raced up. However, the monster didn't want to bite him, at least not yet. Instead, it sniffed something from his trembling lips and roared, discontented. Closing his eyes, Will hoped that it either would be over in the next minute or his terrible hallucination would finally dwindle away.

None of that happened.

Calls

Chapter Summary

Jack does his best to not let Will forget about Abigail...
At lest, Beverly is there to do her best as Will's friend.
Because he really doesn't feel well.
Will someone help Will Graham? :-P

***
This fanfic is inspired by Abenaki story about the Water Wendigo as introduced here.

It's finished, I'll try to post 1 chapter a day. I have a few illustrations drawn by some lovely Fannibals, too! (if you want to add more, I'd love it!)

Thank you a lot for being my awesome beta, dear @vinylmurdersuit (twitter) <3

The non-con warning is for a chapter closer to the end, you'll be warned again :)

Something hit him in the middle of his chest, a strong push that forced him down to the ground. Before he managed to look up, the monster was gone. And so were all the sounds in the world, it seemed. Will gasped, reaching into the closest bushes. Blindly, Will's hand found the rifle. It finally gave him the courage to rise up and run back to the safety of his home. By now, he knew for sure it was nothing but a terrible hallucination, but the fear remained more than real. Once Will reached the front door, he locked all doors and windows in the house. He swallowed a pill to stop the fever and curled up in his bed. But he couldn't sleep. With knees pressed under his chin, Will stared at the door, insanely waiting for the monster's return. It wasn't until the darkness started to recede and morning birds began to sing that he finally fell asleep.

Although Will got used to nightmares, he still kind of appreciated the call which drew him out of the bloody dreams full of monsters. That was, until he found out who was on the other side of the phone…

"Morning, Jack," Will yawned.

"Morning, Will? It's after lunchtime! Are you okay?"

Am I? He sighed, rubbing tiredness out of his eyes. "Yeah, sorry. Bad night. Anyway, what's up?" It seemed clear that Jack wouldn't call him just to ask about his night…

"We need you in the lab, Will. Today."

"Of course… On my way." Well, he wanted to talk with Beverly anyway. When he finished the call, Will went upstairs to wash his face and then to the kitchen, for one much-needed cup of coffee. He felt slightly better than yesterday, no fever nor hallucinations. However, the memory of what happened remained alive. Even his t-shirt from last night wore signs of his crappy mind - torn across the chest, probably caused by the bushes when he had fallen to the ground. Will had to give some credit to his crazy brain because they really looked like claw marks…He opened his fridge to add milk to his coffee and spotted several fish he had caught yesterday, with Alana. And at that moment all the pieces clicked together. Of course he hallucinated about the monster wanting to eat him! With Alana by his side, Will had completely forgotten about that secret agreement with his inner self. No fish had been left on the bank, so the wendigo came to take him down, right?! Sometimes Will hated his mind. Most of the time, actually…

"Hey, man, you look as terrible as Jimmy feels!" greeted Brian once Will and Jack passed through the lab door. Jimmy gave them startled look, pulling a long brown strip of something out of a cut-open pillow. Will nodded instead of answering, then his eyes sharpened, eyebrows lifting in disbelief.

"What's that?"

Before Jimmy caught a breath, Jack responded: "That's why you're here, Will. A part of… We're still observing the evidence, but there is a growing suspicion that the Hobbs girl was helping her father with his crimes."

Will's eyeballs seemingly grew, incredulous. "You mean Abigail was participating in the murders?!"

"Eemn, first of all, WE are still observing the evidence, Jack, not you," blew out Brian and immediately regretted it. "And yes, most likely she was."

"For god's sake, Jack! Why does it even matter? She's dead, he is dead. Can't we leave the poor girl alone?!" Will's head started aching again.

"Look, I know you did your best to save her, and it's not easy to see someone pass like this… But the families of their victims deserve the truth!" Jack frowned which made Will close his eyes and squeeze the bridge of his nose.

"Looks like you already decided… What do you want from me?"

"You know what. Just check the whole thing, the evidence we already have and tell me what else they might have hidden under their beds… Any suggestions where to look would speed up the work. I would like to put a definitive dot at the end of all of this before we get another big case." Will had to fight a significant urge to roll his eyes. Seeing the pillow full of most likely human hair, it was clear that using each part of his victims' bodies had been very important for Mr. Hobbs. No, not victims - prey. He had hunted the girls like deer, like does. He had never considered it as murder and-

"Jack, I thought I heard you! Just got DNA results for the knife and there were the remains of blood from many victims, not only the most recent ones… Oh, hi, Will!" Beverly smiled and gently placed a hand on his shoulder. He tried to return the smile but apparently failed. "You look flushed, dear."

"Thanks…"

Later, when Jack Crawford finally seemed satisfied enough with Will's output to leave him alone, he found Beverly again. At the moment she was sitting in the canteen, finishing her coffee. Two empty mugs sat in front of two empty seats.

"Hey, the guys left you here? Or-?" He froze, stopped halfway to seating himself on one of the chairs.

"Yep, go ahead and sit down, Mr. Flushed," she grinned while Will frowned.

"I'm sorry. Not in a mode for joking today."

"I see. Hard night, huh? Wanna a coffee on me?"

Now, Will laughed. "No, really, that's fine, thanks. But I would appreciate a different kind of favor."

"What's that?"

"I… For a while I've been suffering from fevers and headaches. I thought it was just the flu or something but it's not getting better so…"

"Is it getting worse?" Her suspicious eyes immediately changed, switched from friendly concern into medical observing.

"Hm, yes, actually. Last night I had a really terrible, long and very realistic hallucination. I thought you may know a specialist to recommend to me? Sorry if that's a stupid question…"

"You are so stupid, you dumbass! You shouldn't have to let it go this far in the first place!"

"I know, but we had that case and it really hasn't been this bad until yesterday…"

"Men," she sighed, rolling her eyes. "Let me make a call. And stay here, don't go anywhere!"

Take Care

Chapter Summary

Will isn't doing well but it could be worse...

Should we say thank you, wendigo?

***

This fanfic is inspired by Abenaki story about the Water Wendigo as introduced here.

It's finished, I'll try to post 1 chapter a day. I have a few illustrations drawn by some lovely Fannibals, too! (if you want to add more, I'd love it!)

Thank you a lot for being my awesome beta, dear @vinylmurdersuit (twitter) <3

The non-con warning is for a chapter closer to the end, you'll be warned again :)

Not only she had a specialist to recommend. After the call, Beverly announced to Will that they should hurry because his MRI scan was planned in an hour. She allowed him a second or two of stunned staring before grabbing his elbow. After useless arguments about her working hours, Will surrendered.

At the Naval Health Clinic in Quantico a doctor took care of him immediately after they arrived – to the annoyance of all the waiting people. Will barely caught his name, but he kept smiling as if he perfectly knew everything. It was clear that he was a good friend of Beverly's, maybe even her relative. Firstly, he examined Will's eyes, neck, blood pressure, and listened to his heart. Then he informed his patient they would need to do some blood tests which would take several days to get the results.

Fortunately for Will, the Magnetic Resonance Imaging results were immediate although the news was not exactly good. The doctor said his brain was on fire and that – based on the symptoms – he believed it was caused by anti-NMDAR encephalitis. But they should wait for the blood results to be absolutely sure. Not to mention possibly needing a spinal fluid test which is usually more accurate (and also more painful) if the blood were negative. Will knew nothing about that condition, just assured the doctor that he noticed no tick on himself for months. Beverly snarled, then explained that he might have been lucky, however, *a tick isn't how you get anti-NMDAR encephalitis anyway*.

"But jokes aside, Will. This is not the flu! It's dangerous and you are staying here!" She meant the hospital and Will wanted to protest. Who would take care of his dogs?! And he couldn't spend days lying in a bed! Did he even have insurance good enough for this?

Then, the doctor added: "I wouldn't suggest otherwise, anyway. Of course you can sign an AMA form and leave, but in that case you'll most likely die in about a month. If you stay, there is a good chance we'll let you go at the same time. Isn't it much better?" Did he… Did he wink?

"Whole month?!" Will blurted in surprise.

"You think it's too long? It's just my estimated time based on the fact you don't seem that badly influenced, yet. But usually, recovery takes a few months or longer, including time in the intensive care unit undergoing ventilation."

Will swallowed slowly. "Is that what waits for me, too?" He finally accepted how serious the diagnosis was and realized that he did not want to die this soon.

"If you will be admitted to the hospital now, I believe we can preclude that. Under medical care, the prognosis is generally good, don't worry," the doctor tried to give him a calming smile. And Will finally acquiesced.

After receiving a barrage of information about his treatment, and speaking to what felt like every doctor in the hospital, Will finally got a minute to call someone about his dogs. The poor animals had already spent too long time locked in the house! Unfortunately, he realized that from his short list of friends, only Alana lived close enough to visit his home regularly, for a month or longer. Although, whether she would want to do so was an entirely different matter. They haven't talked to one another since the unfortunate kiss and Will couldn't be sure if they are still friends at all.

"Hello, Will, how are you?" She picked up after 3 rings, pretending nothing strange had happened between them.

"Uhm, hi, Alana. Not very good, actually. But before anything else, let me tell you how sorry I am for that kiss."

"Yes? How sorry you are?" Alana teased him.

"It was inappropriate and probably highly influenced by my condition. Unless, heh, you liked it…?" Will let the question sound out to the void of his possible desires.

Alana laughed and an implied sorry could be heard in it. "You know we can't have that kind of relationship without consequences I'm not willing to risk. But I would love to keep our friendship unless you're not comfortable with that anymore?" Alana reflected that it was a pity this talk had to even happen in the first place. She should have been smarter and not allowed the kiss. But Will's voice didn't sound upset so everything might be relatively fine.

"No, Alana… I mean yes! Just… I would love to remain friends as well."

"Good," Will could hear her smile. "Now, my friend, what was that about your condition? Are you okay?" Her voice filled with concern.

"That's the main reason why I'm calling, actually. I have to stay in the hospital for about a month, maybe longer. Could you take care of my dogs and house?"

"Hospital?! Will, you make me worry! What happened?" The intensity of her voice rose which forced a sigh out of Will. He didn't want to tell anyone. The last thing he needed right now was a group of people feigning concern, putting flowers and balloons all over his room.

"It's an autoimmune encephalitis or something. I don't feel too bad, they just need to keep an eye on me for a while…"

"Will, you-!" She took a breath. "Of course I'll babysit your dogs!" Awkward laughter. "Should I stop by to pick up the keys from you? And, you know, bring some flowers, Get Well Soon balloons and stuff."

Will rolled up his eyes straight away. "I would feel better if you could go to see the dogs right now. They were closed inside almost the whole day so, please, don't be angry if some of them pissed on the floor or so… There is a spare key hidden in a flowerpot, the one closest to the main door stairs, left side." Hopefully, Alana could find it without destroying his flowers.

"Oh, okay then. In that case, I'll see you tomorrow! Have a good night, Will."

"You, too! And sorry for all the extra work I'm putting on you." Will really hoped to have a good night, because Beverly promised to come back with the whole team tomorrow as well. He was sure as hell he would have a busy day full of social interaction. Was it too bad to hope that something terrible could happen, might be a serial killer crossing states, that would distract all those people from his health situation?

"That's fine, I love your dogs, don't worry," Alana assured him. "So, tomorrow. Bye-bye!" And with that, she hung up.

New case

Chapter Summary

There's a new case for Will and Beverly is not happy about it. But Jack knows what's needed and Will is... Well, bored at this point. Hospitals are really no fun.

***
This fanfic is inspired by Abenaki story about the Water Wendigo as introduced here.

It's finished, I'll try to post 1 chapter a day. I have a few illustrations drawn by some lovely Fannibals, too! (if you want to add more, I'd love it!)

Thank you a lot for being my awesome beta, dear @vinylmurdersuit (twitter) <3

The non-con warning is for a chapter closer to the end, you'll be warned again :)

That month and a half felt like the longest in Will's life. In the last weeks he had been even looking forward to his friends' visits, which probably spoke for itself. During this morning's rounds a doctor had told Will he should be able to go home after the weekend. Since then he counted the hours, already picturing himself surrounded by all his dogs. But there were still at least three days to wait in front of him.

On Sunday, Jack visited him again – with Beverly at his back. After the first one, all of Jack's visits had been mostly short and much more sporadic than others'. He had usually asked if Will felt better and wished him a fast recovery. However, today's visit would be a bit different, Will smelled it in the air since when Jack opened the door of his room.

"Hey, Will, how are you doing? I've heard you are going home soon!" He smiled, practically ear to ear. Beverly just smiled and nodded his way.

"Yes, I might get out of here by Monday. Fingers crossed."

"That's awesome. Glad you are doing well. For a while, we were afraid we may lose you, but no encephalitis can beat Will Graham, huh?" Jack smiled again, a bit awkwardly.

"Sure… What do you need?" The surprised blink made Will unjustifiably happy.

"Why do you think-"

"Jack!" Beverly stopped him. "I told you he's not that stupid!"

"Well…" he whispered with a silent growl. "Look, Will, I know you are ill and the diagnosis you've got isn't easy at all. But we have this weird case of a serial killer and we would really use

your opinion."

"Of course, what else it could have been…" Will fought the urge to roll his eyes. "You're here for that, too?" He glanced at Beverly who stood behind Jack, arms crossed over her chest.

"Nope, I'm here to make sure you know that you absolutely don't have to do this. People with anti-NMDAR encephalitis are usually returning to their work years after they've got out of the hospital, not even before! My opinion is this is very irresponsible from Jack, but he isn't listening to me. Hope at least you will." Will had to smile; it was very courageous of her to opposite Jack's authority. However, looking back at Jack and his grumpy face, he knew Beverly would have troubles if he didn't agree to help. So far, Will would say Beverly is his best friend and as such, he couldn't let her suffer for caring about him.

"Thank you, Bev," he smiled. "But I think I can do this. In the end, it's not much work when I won't have to even leave my bed, right? And you can't imagine how boring this place becomes after a month. I appreciate a little distraction from the routine."

With a winning grin, Jack passed him a folder from his bag. Will opened it and Beverly threw up her hands. The last murder happened in a motel room in Trenton, New Jersey. The room was cash-paid and registered to John Smith, obviously a false name. What a failure of imagination on the murderer's side! No security cameras, of course. That would be too easy… The victims had registered as Mr. and Mrs. Anderson but later it was found they were Roger and Marilyn Brunner, a pair of serial killers and rapists. The crime scene itself was so terrible that local police did not want to deal with that case any longer, they had practically welcomed the FBI with open arms. The victims' backs were skinned and they had both lived for about 15 minutes after that. However, based on their history, Will couldn't pity their suffering.

He finally looked at the attached photos. The bodies knelt at the bottom corners of a bed, bowed, hands folded in prayer. Skin peeled from their backs in large flaps was outstretched with fishing hooks and lines so it resembled the spread wings of angels.

Will looked up from the folder, seeking the faces of his visitors. Instead, he saw the crime scene growing around him, the angels bowed at his feet. He had lured the victims by offering them some scotch. They also might have wanted to kill him – he saw their sins and dark desires clearly as the sun's rays. Or flames of fire.

And that was why he transformed them into something else, something better. He gave them a gift, let redemption of their sins come through suffering, and helped them to become pure like angels again. And then they would pray for his own sins, to protect him while he slept.

He felt familiar madness reaching over his brain again, but Will knew it wasn't his own this time and shook himself out of the imaginary world. Instead of lolled heads of the angels he saw Jack's face filled with expectations and Beverly's one, slightly worried.

"He's not all right," Will acclaimed.

"Well, that's pretty easy to guess from the crime scene…" mumbled Jack.

"I mean, he is ill, sick somehow. And afraid. He'll kill again, soon."

"What is somebody who could do something like this afraid of?" Beverly frowned.

Several possibilities flew through Will's mind but then he settled on the one which scared him as well. "Death. He's dying."

That made Beverly remember the results of tests on the murderer's vomit. "His vomit contains components which suggest he is dealing with a tumor, a brain one, most likely."

Hence Will found his craziness so familiar!

"Okay, we'll check medical records in the area. Anything else?" Jack's eyes focused on Will as if he was the only source of information in the world.

"Just that he doesn't have to be from the area. He might be traveling. And although he seems to be religious now, he doesn't see too deep into the thing. For example, biblical angels don't have wings. That's all for now, I need some rest if you don't mind."

"Of course, Will. Take care," Jack smiled, satisfied. He took the folder from Will's hands and returned it into the bag. "Hope to see you out of here, soon!" Then Jack turned to Beverly: "You going, too?"

"I'll stay a bit longer, bye!"

"Yes, see you tomorrow."

Once the door closed behind their boss, Beverly sat next to Will's bed and sighed. "He won't give you a break after this…"

"Yeah, I know. But it's not that bad and I'm not good at anything else, anyway."

"You coward!" Beverly slurred impulsively. "Stop saying things like that, okay? And don't allow Jack to exploit you like that. If you won't be careful, you might end up back here…"

"I know, I will be careful. Pinky promise?" They both laughed at that. Beverly stayed a while longer before said her goodbye. After her visit, Will could return to counting the hours.

Back Home

Chapter Summary

Will is back from the hospital and happy to see his dogs after all the time without them. He would like to enjoy some time home and sane again but unfortunately, Jack and the wendigo have different plans for him...

***

This fanfic is inspired by Abenaki story about the Water Wendigo as introduced here.

It's finished, I'll try to post 1 chapter a day. I have a few illustrations drawn by some lovely Fannibals, too! (if you want to add more, I'd love it!)

Thank you a lot for being my awesome beta, dear @vinylmurdersuit (twitter) <3

The non-con warning is for a chapter closer to the end, you'll be warned again :)

On Monday afternoon Will parked his car in front of the house he had been missing so much. Finally, he was home again. But the building seemed abandoned, locked door, and no dogs barking… Will quickly pulled out his keys but before he could use them, another car stopped right behind his. The barking and whining returned, all the voices of his furry family! Will turned around just to see Alana opening her car door for the dogs.

"Here you are!" His face lit up with a big smile as the dogs ran to him, jumping and wagging their tails. They almost tumbled Will in the first rush, then calmed down a bit. But it was a meeting full of happiness, dogs' kisses, petting, nuzzling, and Will's tears which he couldn't stop. "I missed you so much! Were you happy here, with Alana, yes?" The woman in question also smiled and went closer when the dogs stopped running all around.

"I think it was like a holiday for them. They were fine," she assured Will who finally stood up to talk with her.

"Awesome, thank you so much for doing this. You have the spare key?"

"Oh, no, I returned it into the flowerpot. To be honest," she switched weight nervously, "I planned to temporarily move in here so your dogs wouldn't have to get used to a different house, but after the first night I just… Couldn't."

"Something happened?" Will frowned.

"You'll think I'm crazy… No, nothing really happened, it's just…" she threw up her hands.

"I'm the crazy one here," Will laughed. "Don't worry, just tell me. Or we can go inside if you would like to sit for it. I can prepare a cup of tea or coffee for you?"

"No, I would prefer to stay here. It's- I didn't feel good inside, like really unwelcome. But not just because I was alone in someone else's house or something. It felt so real. Like if someone was peeking through windows, watching me and hating me. The dogs were unsteady, too. Strange howling noises outside and…" Alana shivered. "I know how funny it sounds now, but when I was here alone, at night… I felt as if something dangerous didn't want me there. So I took your pack to my place instead. Hope that's not a big deal."

"No, it's understandable. Thank you again." He could vividly imagine the feeling. Although his wendigo hallucination had been almost 2 months ago, he still remembered that weakening feeling of fear it caused him. During nights, coyotes might run around, and their sounds or sounds of their dying prey really can become frightening. He couldn't blame Alana for anything.

Because she still didn't feel very good there, they soon said goodbye to each other.

Will took a deep breath of the fresh air. He really missed its smell in the hospital. The dogs, the forest, the creek in distance… No, he felt none of Alana's fears here. He was welcome, he was home. And happy. Will switched the keys in his hand, the tingling sound caught the dogs' attention.

"Maybe we could go for a walk, first. What do you think?" The dogs answered with clear happiness so he pushed his keys back into his pocket.

Once they returned to the house, Will prepared himself a coffee and took some meat from his freezer to thaw it for his always hungry pack. Soon after, his phone started ringing. He barely brought his hospital bag inside when the sound startled him. Even before he looked at the display Will knew who was calling.

"Hello, Jack…"

"Good evening, Will. Hope I'm not waking you up?" Yes, they stayed outside until the sky darkened but it might be about 7 pm? Too soon for Will to be sleepy. Yet, it was Jack on the other side and he promised something to Beverly, right?

"Actually, I just lay down."

"I need you in Ohio, Will! Our flight is planned in 3 hours."

"Jack! I just left the hospital; I'm prepared to go to sleep! Can't it wait?" He pretended to yawn.

"I'm sorry, Will. They just found another victim of the Angel maker, as the media call our killer. It's fresh and I would like to have you there. But, well," this was extremely hard for Jack to say, however, he had to. "If you feel like not strong enough to make it, I'll accept that."

Will sighed, aloud. The guy was killing other criminals, why should I even care?! "Okay, Jack. On my way."

They landed in Cleveland. The body was hung up in an abandoned building, on rusty scaffolding. It appeared to be only one man this time. His clothes suggested he had been a security guard. But even security guys might have a bloody past… The scaffolding was covered in plastic sheets which created a divine luminescence from behind. Lines of blood were streaking the transparent plastic sheets serving as a corona of sorts emanating down from the angel wings. Will couldn't help himself, the scenery was drawing his eyes more than it should. Beneath the corpse lay a crumpled, stained mattress. The murderer had slept here again.

"His mind has turned against him and there's no one there to help," Will mumbled when the others surrounded him.

Beverly frowned. "I've told you during the flight and it's still true – this is a huge mistake, you shouldn't be here." Her eyes narrowed toward Jack.

I know, cried Will without a word. Meantime, Brian picked up something from the ground and looked at it hesitantly.

"Are those...? What are those?" Jimmy sounded confused and terrified. Beverly laughed at him.

"A pair of testicles!" All men around impulsively looked at her.

"Someone got an orchiectomy cheap," Brian agreed with a little disgusted face. Beverly guided her flashlight to the security guard's crotch.

"Doesn't look like they belong to the victim," she figured out.

"The Angel Maker, then?" Jimmy's eyebrow rose.

"He castrated himself?" Beverly tilted her head and despite her misgivings, she expected Will to answer.

"He's not just making angels, he's getting ready to become one." Will nodded. "And angels don't have genitalia."

"Ugh… Save me a place in hell," Jimmy's throat tightened as he tried to laugh. The science team tried to keep the atmosphere light and Beverly would like if Will could join them, but instead Jack frowned at him.

"He was afraid of dying and now he's getting used to the idea?"

"He's accepted it or he's bargaining," Will shrugged.

"Does that mean he's done making angels or just getting started?"

How the hell am I supposed to know, Jack?! "I don't know," he faked an apologizing smile. But Jack asked another stupid question and Will just couldn't… "I don't know. Ask him!"

"I'm asking you!" Jack's face hardened which caused Will to roll his eyes without even realizing it.

"You're the head of the Behavioral Science Unit, Jack. Why don't you come up with your own answers if you don't like mine?!" Everyone looked at them as if they were timing it after the

words left Will's mouth. No one has ever seen anybody talk to Jack in such a way. He would be angry at any other circumstances, but technically, right now Will could be at home, sleeping in his bed…

"I didn't hear that," Jack sighed. "It's obviously too much too soon. At least you are here, you may figure something out later, okay? Now, go back to the car and have some rest." Will had no reason to dispute the decision. Followed by Beverly's approving look he did as Jack told him. And he fell asleep in the back seat, fast.

Nevertheless, he had to call his distant neighbor to check on the dogs because they stayed in Ohio almost the whole day. When Will finally got back home, it was almost night and soon, his dogs became unsteady again.

"Dears, what's that? Is someone outside?" For a second he had the feeling that something moved behind the window next to his bed but when he focused on it, only branches of a bush and taller flowers were being blown by the wind outside. Will petted Winston's head as the dog kept looking there with him.

"Just nature, it can be more frightening than a horror movie, hm?" Will smiled at his dogs and forced himself to think about something else. There were no monsters hidden in the shadows, not anymore! The only real monsters were humans. Will reminded that to himself before he laid down on the floor, between the furry bodies, and started working on a boat motor he had brought inside. He should be relaxing and he knew no better way than by doing some manual work.

Despite the lies he kept telling himself, the first thing Will did next morning was to check the window from outside. However, the dogs ran there before him and started sniffing around furiously so it appeared impossible to find out if the leaves and flowers were damaged during last night or now, by them. Will hissed at them and went closer. His house was old, its wood full of cracks. And unlike in the case of flora, Will knew none of his furry friends has the black hair he found stuck in one of the cracks of the windowsill. Taking it between fingers, he frowned. For a while he felt the breath of the beast on his nape again, the hair on his neck prickled and a tear of sweat flew down his spine…

But of course it was nothing but a terrible memory of his hallucination! The thing from his window felt so soft, almost like the fluff of a young bird.

That must be it, *right?*

Will smiled and let the cold morning wind to blow it away.

Bones and blood

Chapter Summary

Will has no idea what was happening in his home area while being in the hospital.

Maybe it's the time to change it...

***
This fanfic is inspired by Abenaki story about the Water Wendigo as introduced here (a little SPOILER-ish).

It's finished, I'll try to post 1 chapter a day. I have a few illustrations drawn by some lovely Fannibals, too! (if you want to add more, I'd love it!)

Thank you a lot for being my awesome beta, dear @vinylmurdersuit (twitter) <3

The non-con warning is for a chapter closer to the end, you'll be warned again :)

Not too long after breakfast, Jack called that they had found a person probably important for the Angel Maker investigation. And of course, it would be so awesome if Will could arrive and talk with her a bit… Because no one else in the whole BAU was eligible to lead an interrogation, apparently! Will sighed into the phone but agreed to come.

The person was the wife of the current prime suspect, Emma Budiš. She was slightly anxious and clearly had no idea why they wanted to talk with her. In the end, Will didn't need to lead the interrogation, Jack just wanted him by his side.

"Has he contacted you since he left?" He asked without beating around the bush. She had left her husband several months ago so Will expected the answer…

"No, he hasn't."

"Why did you leave?"

"Because of his cancer." Shame mirrored in Emma's eyes before she looked away. "Makes me sound like a horrible wife. But I took a leave from work to be with him. I wanted to be there for him. The problem was that what he wanted was to be alone." Will watched Jack pour himself a glass of water and drink it. It was clear some realization made Jack's mind heavy but to Will it seemed more personal than about the case. Will figured out he had to pick up the baton of the interrogation as Jack was clearly distracted. After a necessary question she swore her husband had never been violent at all but her hesitation suggested more than a *yes or no* answer.

"He was angry. More and more as the cancer was getting worse. But he never hit me or our sons." After a question about faith she seemed confused again. "Eric wasn't ever religious. Is he doing something religious?"

"He may believe he is," Will nodded. After that, finally, Jack took control again and finished the interrogation. Will stopped listening right after. She knew nothing about the man her husband became under the weight of his terminal condition. And if Jack wanted to go and check the farm she had mentioned, he could. But Will did not. He just confirmed to him that the place might be important for Mr. Budiš and left to get something as a lunch in the canteen.

Jimmy sat there alone, chewing a late breakfast. Once he noticed the newcomer, he stood up and joined Will at his table.

"Beverly said you shouldn't work yet, but one can't resist coming back, hm?" he laughed, ignoring Will's grumpy face. "Anyway, you must be happy to have all the dogs at home now, right?"

Will didn't understand. "As usual. Or should I have a special reason now?"

"Oh boy, you ever watch TV? Read newspapers?" Another laughter.

"No, not really. I have enough here," Will finally smiled back. "Especially not in the hospital. Everyone refused to bring me anything recalling my work – until Jack arrived with the Angel Maker folder, of course. Has something happened?" His eyebrow raised in curiosity.

"Be sure of that! They had found some dead bodies in your area. Or, heh, bodies… Mostly must bones and bloody torn up clothes. Said it was most likely a pack of hungry coyotes. Maybe with rabies. It's good to have dog friends to deter predators from your doors as they still weren't shot down."

"Poor animals," Will murmured instead of any possible condolences about the victims. Jimmy heard him.

"You're right. It's not their fault that we are such an easy prey," he laughed. "Moreover, I'm sure many innocent coyotes will die due to this as well. Maybe we could find them before hunters would and you could domesticate them enough to join your pack?" They grinned at each other. "No, this is not the human-eating coyote, dear neighbor, it's just my dog," Jimmy snarled the way he almost drowned in his coffee. "Okay, enough. I'm sure you came here for lunch, not for a terrible comedy performance."

"That's fine." For a while, Will thought about it. "I would actually like to see folders of the cases. We can get to see them, right? I mean, looks like much better sources than a newspaper article and if something's happening around my home, I need to know about it."

"Understandable," Jimmy sipped the coffee again. "Give me an hour, I'll see what I can do." He lifted from the table, then bumped Will on the back. "But don't work too hard, I hate hospitals! Would rather not need to visit you there again…"

Back at home Will put files on the bed and went out to walk his dogs. Fresh air was pleasant as always and none of the weird feelings returned. Even the dogs enjoyed being home after so long, sniffing all the new smells around and tracking animals that had walked between the trees –

maybe hours ago, maybe yesterday. Will might be slightly worried about the murderous coyotes; however he decided to trust his dogs' instincts. And they weren't scared at all. Will had no problem spending hours in forests and with the coming winter, the days shortened. That resulted in their return to home just before sunset.

Since the hospital, he was getting tired faster than before. He could almost lay down right away and sleep the whole night. Now, when the nightmares were mostly gone. However, they all needed some dinner and then, he wanted to check the coyote kill files. He had never before tried to apply his empathy disorder on animals so this was going to be an interesting experience as well. His tiredness withdrew after Will filled his stomach with warm pasta. Still, he laid himself on the bed before picked up one of many files. First of all he read all the information. The cases were very similar. Someone went to a forest and found bloody bones. No human footprints or shoe prints around, bite marks on bones indicated a predator bit on them. After Will gathered the important background, he rejoined the most recent case. It happened the day he had been released from the hospital, somewhere on the other side of Will's favorite creek.

Will closed his eyes – breathed in, out – and saw himself standing on the bank. Sniffing in air, he caught the smell of a prey. The hunger was howling in his guts as he sunk into the forest. He traced the smell like an invisible path until the prey appeared in front of him. Vulnerable, helpless, running between trees. And he was so hungry, but also angry, lonely. Then his eyes focused on his hands, but there weren't coyote paws. Instead, Will saw human-like arms, although they seemed black and long sharp claws grew from fingers.

Will startled and the illusion faded. Impulsively, he threw the case file across the room. For a notable while he had to stare at his hands to assure himself that they were still absolutely normal.

What the hell just happened?!

Rather than thinking about it, Will moved himself to the kitchen and rinsed his face with cold water. Before he patted his skin dry, the feeling that someone was watching him through the window to his left returned. But this time it felt even more alarming, intense. Will decided to ignore it. Without looking in the window’s direction at all, he returned to the living room and gathered the file, the contents of which had scattered across the floor. The feeling of being watched didn't disappear even when he took the dogs out for the last time today. Will let them run around but he himself stayed on the porch, close to his house and guns. Fortunately, nothing happened and they all soon fell asleep.

There is a devil looking after you…

Chapter Summary

Will has an unexpected visit waking him up. Who could it be? 👀

One day he'll sleep the whole night without being interrupted. However, today is not the day 😁

***
This fanfic is inspired by Abenaki story about the Water Wendigo as introduced here.

It's finished, I'll try to post 1 chapter a day. I have a few illustrations drawn by some lovely Fannibals, too! (if you want to add more, I'd love it!)

Thank you a lot for being my awesome beta, dear @vinylmurdersuit (twitter) <3

The non-con warning is for a chapter closer to the end, you'll be warned again :)

Will shook out of sleep, disoriented. He knew something woke him up but had no idea what it might be.

Until it repeated.

A noise.

Noises.

Very specific noises from his backyard.

Could it all be just a dream? Because it seemed kind of impossible. But the noises sounded up again. There was only one possible source – a barn door. Will had three barns and all of them locked with a padlock. There was that very little chance an animal had somehow got inside and now didn't know how to leave… However, Will's mind already created much worse scenarios. When he could hear the sound again, he practically jumped out of the bed and grabbed his rifle. At home, Will usually preferred it over his service Glock as he would have much less paperwork or troubles in general if he needed touse it. The dogs had woken up earlier than Will, listening to the strange noises with tilted heads. They thought he would let them out when Will move to the side door.

Instead, he just growled: "STAY!" and closed them inside.

From his position, Will could already see the sounds weren't coming from the smallest barn, where he kept equipment for repairing engines. It remained locked. Therefore his attention turned

toward the two big barns. It took only a few steps to recognize one of barns opened, wind moving with chains and other stuff stored there. It was barely morning, still mostly dark outside. The horror creaky sounds now sent several shivers down Will's spine. He raised the rifle and increased his pace, stomped through the dying grass as he approached.

At first, it was hard to see anything inside. Carefully, Will opened both halves of the rolling slatted wood door wide to let a little more light in. Yet, the barn seemed empty – until a sigh sounded from its ceiling. Will startled and pointed his rifle in that direction faster than his eyes. But when he did look up there, a gasp of surprise left his lungs. He slowly lowered the gun because this intruder couldn't endanger him anymore.

The man, who Will managed to recognize as Elliot Budiš himself, hung in the rafters as one of his death angels. His skinny wings were spread open with another fishing line, blood dripping down to the dusty wooden floor. Will thought he had heard a sigh, saw his chest move, but the man couldn't be still alive – or could he?

"Are you-" Will stopped himself before asking that. "Can you hear me?" The hanged body didn't move for a long while. However, before Will could return to the house and call his colleagues Elliot's head raised up. Spontaneously, Will did several steps back, stopped in the doorway. But he had to keep staring. In Elliot's eyes Will saw himself change. The flesh of his face and hands were monstrously distorted, rippling trails of heat emanated from his body as his skin roiled with flames. There was something demonic inside him that Elliot could see. Something that Will had been trying to deny for his whole life but it kept pulling him back to blood, suffering and death. He saw it now, when the thing looked back at him through the eyes of the dying man.

Weak from the loss of blood and unimaginable pain, delirious from his tumor, Elliot still managed to talk: "I see what you are. I saw it before, when you were admiring one of my angels. It's still there, inside," he gasped, his breath was shortening. "I thought I could bring it out of you, give you the majesty of your Becoming." He had followed Will home to turn him into one of his angels… But then, instead, he did it to himself? Will frowned.

"What stopped you?" he asked, truly curious, which made Elliot laugh.

"There is a devil looking after you! But at least, he had mercy on me, he gave me wings!" Elliot's eyes dimmed and before Will could ask anything else, the man passed away. Will's fingers clenched around the rifle. A devil. Fishing line. Dead man in his backyard. Maybe he was dead all the time, maybe everything he said was only inside of Will's head? That would make sense, that must be what happened! Will quickly turned and ran to the safety of his home. When he caught his breath, he called Jack Crawford. Until police cars and his FBI friends appeared on his doorstep, Will remained locked inside, surrounded by his pack. *There is a devil looking after you…*

Gift

Chapter Summary

The body won't just disappear, although that would be probably the best for Will. He doesn't want to talk about it or even look at it again. Not that it's his choice...

***
This fanfic is inspired by Abenaki story about the Water Wendigo as introduced here.

It's finished, I'll try to post 1 chapter a day. I have a few illustrations drawn by some lovely Fannibals, too! (if you want to add more, I'd love it!)

Thank you a lot for being my awesome beta, dear @vinylmurdersuit (twitter) <3

The non-con warning is for a chapter closer to the end, you'll be warned again :)

"See? Not even in my own home can I escape from murders," Will smiled at Beverly to assure her he wasn't traumatized or anything.

Accepting the joke, she answered: "Yeah, looks like you are cursed," corner of her mouth quirked up. "But seriously, I think you should talk with-"

"Stop it, Bev. You know I hate therapists. And this is just another body, I've seen three looking almost the same during the last days."

"I know, but," she shivered. "This was your home. Your safe place. And now…"

"It's still my home. I don't care what angels or devils are sneaking around."

"I'm glad to hear that. Jack's waiting for you inside, good luck," Beverly winked at him before she left to take some instruments out of her car. Will sighed, but there was nothing to prevent him from returning into the barn.

The body was still there, as he remembered. Only the dark of the night was receding, and someone had set up reflectors so the whole bloody beauty of the crime tableau was illuminated by shafts of light.

"This will be the last one." Jack finally noticed Will standing behind him. He waved to navigate the profiler next to him.

"His wife called about 10 minutes before you. It was a bad coincidence. She laid us. Her husband left her a phone number – and she told him we are looking for him. Then she got scared…"

"You think that's why he is here?" Will raised an eyebrow. He knew the true reason – the monster sleeping inside him… "He was a hunter of demons." That made Jack frown.

"No, Will, he was haunted by his own demons." They both remained silent for a minute. "So, he made himself into an angel, as you predicted."

But did he? The devil gave me wings… "To me it almost seems like a gift," Will mumbled and made Jack frown once again.

"A gift? For whom? God?"

Will looked at him. For me, maybe. "Don't mind me, Jack. This was a terrible morning, I'm just tried."

"I see. Go home, we can do this one without you," Jack smiled and tapped on his shoulder.

Will was about to do as said, but then he decided to call Jack out. "This one? And what about the next one? I'm not sure how much longer I can be all that useful to you, Jack." He thought about the never-ending paranoia of being watched, and now he would almost believe the dead man's hallucination that there is a devil lurking around. There always had been a very thin line between conscious using his empathy disorder and crazy hallucinations. However, since that encephalitis thing it seemed even harder to distinguish.

"Really? You practically caught the killer from a hospital bed!"

Will clenched fists. "I didn't catch this one. Elliot Budiš surrendered. Maybe Beverly was right. I might need a long break from work. Just me, the dogs," he looked at the body again, the way it had been hanged… "And fishing. You know, to stay away from all the murderers."

"Will," with a single look Jack doubted his every word. "What is it about this one?"

"It's not this one. It's all of them," Will sighed. "It's getting harder and harder to make myself look. When I return home, it feels like something is coming back with me." Quickly, Will looked away to hide the dark spark in his eyes. Yes, something attracted him to this murderous work but that was only another reason to take a step back. Right?

"No one is asking you to look alone."

If eyes could kill… "I won't repeat myself. No psychologists or psychiatrists in my head! You know what they would do with me."

"I know what happens when you don't look. So do you."

Will's fists clenched even tighter. Yes, Jack, tell me about the people you can't save without me! Like if it wasn't hard enough to convince myself it's not my fault already!

"Look, I'm sorry if I pressed too much these days. My wife won't talk with me and this case helped me understand why. She has cancer and doesn't want me to know… That's not your concern. Anyway, please, reconsider your decision. I can offer you a special deal – you would be only consulting really complicated cases, however your status would remain and I think we could do something with your salary. You know how unique your methods are, we can't simply replace you."

Will ruffled his hair and swallowed a yawn. "Okay, fine!" He finally gave up. "But now I'm going back to the bed."

There were wishes and hopes as well as real outcomes. The sad truth was that Will couldn't sleep with his backyard full of noisy strangers. At least, he kept trying; lay on the bed with closed eyes until morning sunshine flooded in through the windows. Then he kicked his blanket away. Looking out of a kitchen window he could easily recognize that the FBI techs were still working. It took too long, Will needed to be alone for a while. They had told him the dogs had to stay inside until everything was e finished. But despite what they might think, none of his dogs were cultivated enough to know how to use a restroom. So he took them in front of the house, where nobody would find out, at least for a moment.

After that and a fast breakfast, Will decided he might go fishing. Actually, he had had no time or will to do so since he returned from the hospital. One would almost forget how much he loved fishing. Thrilled like a little child Will started looking for his box of flies, waders, vest… He had no idea where he had left it last time, under the influence of the disease. He found clothes, then the net, rod and fly box. With a single look he noticed there is still one fly tied to the line. Will glanced at the box and the black-fur fly again. He kind of hoped it was a creation of his mind in fire as well. But no, the thing was clearly here, real. But its ability to lure a fish with each cast must have been a lie, right? No animal could possibly have such powerful hair… Yet, Will grabbed only the rod, leaving the box with all other flies behind.

I'll see, he thought. But the truth was he hoped it would still work - to prove he hadn't been that crazy and to keep the feeling of owning something truly special.

Don’t play with monsters

Chapter Summary

Will has another unexpected visitor, this time it really is the one you all expected the whole time, promise 😁

However, he is not expecting Will's reaction at all 👀

***
This fanfic is inspired by Abenaki story about the Water Wendigo as introduced here.

It's finished, I'll try to post 1 chapter a day. I have a few illustrations drawn by some lovely Fannibals, too! (if you want to add more, I'd love it!)

Thank you a lot for being my awesome beta, dear @vinylmurdersuit (twitter) <3

The non-con warning is for a chapter closer to the end, you'll be warned again :)

The first steps into the creek were pure torture. With the coming winter the water felt cooler than he remembered. Waders didn't help with it but after a while he got used to the cold. Still, he stayed only thigh deep in the water. Despite its coolness and terrible beginning, today seemed like a nice day.

At least right here and now.

Sounds of the stream, singing birds and wind in the treetops… Nature knew how to calm one's soul. With a pleased smile Will caressed the black fur on his lure and then cast. With a bright eye he watched it land, a small plop reached his ears as it broke the surface. It wasn't the best cast but soon the hook returned to him with a fish, so Will couldn't really complain.

It took only three casts to have three fish in his net. After the fourth, Will decided the magic of his lure still works. And being here completely alone, he allowed himself to acknowledge that the ascertainment made him rather happy.

Maybe there really is a devil looking after me, Will laughed. Then he glanced at the bank and much less funny memories peeked out in his mind. The antlered monster threatening him in the darkness after he forgot to leave his fish sacrifice… The water felt somehow even colder with that remembrance. Of course, his conscious self knew the two things had only a scant connection if any at all, and that the monster had been nothing but a terrible hallucination. Of course, he knew it would be a waste of the fish and probably also a huge risk with that human-killing pack of hungry

coyotes around now… Will carefully removed the hook from the mouth of the fourth fish and looked at it. A big trout helplessly moved in a useless attempt to free itself.

Screw it! Will thought, put the fish into his net, and waded to the creek's edge. There was no one to witness his irrational behavior anyway. It seemed better to leave several fish than to keep them all and risk nightmares full of monsters. Sometimes he wished he had never been interested in those old fishermen stories about wendigos, mermaids, and everything. But there was something in those stories that captivated him, which lured him as a poor prey, as something on the murders and lonely life… The hint of the danger he could quell. Until he couldn't- Will shook off the feeling of long claws on his skin.

Sitting on the bank, he pulled out his fillet knife. With an experienced move, Will sliced all four fish and respectfully presented them on the ground. This way he wouldn't forget again before his return home. How stupid I am, he grinned. After this little ritual he should be safe from the monster so he happily returned to the water.

Another three successful casts, Will felt kind of bored. It happened to be too easy, too fast! And although he never had been interested in torturing animals, not even the prey on his cast, he sometimes enjoyed playing with it. Just a little, like a cat with a mouse… Deftly, he allowed the fish to run, then reeled in a bit and let it run again. He repeated that until his prey was too tired to even try again so he could scoop the fish into the net without any struggle.

The poor being had no idea its fate was sealed since it touched that tempting black fur…

He was in repose, at peace one would say. Time passing around him like the water, fluently, till scratching noises distracted him. Will froze, the rod prepared to be cast slowly lowered with his hands. The noises came from the place where he left the dead fish, no doubt. He knew that someone had always eaten them, but it had never happened while Will was still there. And although he was curious about what animal it might be, he didn't expect it to come this close to a human being. With an absolute silence Will slowly turned his head – and hoped not to see a coyote.

In the next moment he would pay by his own blood for it to be a coyote, even with a human hand in its jaws.

Instead, Will's wide eyes stared straight on the well-remembered black monster with antlers and a half-eaten fish between its claws. No, not its, his, right? Will corrected himself because he didn't know what else to do. In daylight he couldn't lie about what he saw. It wasn't just a man in costume or something but Will was sure as hell that it was still a hallucination. Despite the creature squatted on the bank as if it were the most natural thing to do. Will wondered if he was experiencing a relapse.

This soon? Goddammit, I should have stayed in the hospital longer!

His fingers clenched around the rod. Its lower end plopped into the water and the sound interrupted the monster's feast. He caught Will staring. Immediately, the being snarled. His lips curled exposing his bloody fangs, back arched. Simply as if he was nothing but a scared or angry animal.

"This is ridiculous!" Will whispered to himself and fully turned toward the bank. He decided to once and forever teach his wrecked mind what is and what isn't real. One can't touch something

that doesn't exist, right?! He shook off all his fear and pushed forward against the stream. He was determined to reach the bank and touch whatever wasn't there. His eyes kept focused on the beast so Will wouldn't miss out when he disappeared. In the parallel reality where this might be real, the being froze, still snarling, growling and hissing but unable to decide what to do next because all of that was usually enough to keep unwanted company away. However, this curly-haired human refused to be scared and was approaching with each step.

Should I run away? Should I bite him?

Will stopped within reach and raised his hand.

Or should I let it happen? No, don't touch me, I'll bite you!

The eyes of the beast followed the movement of Will's hand as his back arched even more. His still exposed teeth and continuous hissing caused Will to hesitate for a while. Yes, sure, it was only in his head, right? But standing this close, the monster looked hella realistic. And for the moment, Will wasn't sure if he truly wanted to risk a bite just to prove himself right.

You fearful idiot, screamed the rational part of him. How this could be real? Just… How?! And yes, he was about to trust himself and pet the monster's head as if it was one of his puppies. However, before he could make that fatal move, his hallucination grabbed all the fish and ran away with a loud roar. One fish slipped out of his hands in the rush but he didn't come back for it. Instead, the being disappeared into the forest before Will even realized what had just happened. Will let his hand fell down desperately. Right when he thought everything might get better… Discouraged, Will gathered all his stuff and left the creek area promptly. The fish still lay where his hallucination dropped it which Will just ignored. His walk back home was full of looks over his shoulders and rushed steps.

In the snow

Chapter Summary

Buster, you remember this good boy?

Oh boy!

Too brave for certain situations.

I'd say, stay safe, Buster, but we all know he won't... 😈

***
This fanfic is inspired by Abenaki story about the Water Wendigo as introduced here.

It's finished, I'll try to post 1 chapter a day. I have a few illustrations drawn by some lovely Fannibals, too! (if you want to add more, I'd love it!)

Thank you a lot for being my awesome beta, dear @vinylmurdersuit (twitter) <3

The non-con warning is for a chapter closer to the end, you'll be warned again :)

The next week consisted of never-ending uncertainty. If hallucinations might be as realistic as reality itself, how should Will decide what truly happened and what was only his imagination? Once he reached the house, he immediately called his doctor demanding new tests to confirm his must-be-relapse. After negative blood tests he decided spinal fluid tests were needed. The doctor thought he was fine, maybe a little bit paranoid, but relented in order to make them both assured. One needle between vertebrae and a huge amount of pain later, Will couldn't decide if it was good or bad to know without a doubt that no relapse happened.

As he was calling for the test results, he just moaned into doctor's ear: "That's impossible…" The doctor suggested him to find a psychologist or even a psychiatrist.

"It's no shame, Mr. Graham. Many cured patients with the same diagnosis need one." Will didn't answer, just hung up.

Snow.

Will always enjoyed it as a kid and kind of liked it as an adult. It somehow changed dry ground into an ocean; his house in the middle of a snowy plain even more resembled a ship these days. Then there were the downsides… One had to clean the driveway regularly and couldn't go fly fishing in the cold, sometimes frozen waters of the creek. Speaking of the creek, Will hadn't seen

the dark monster since the day he almost touched it and even his dogs were much calmer at nights. Inability to use the cursed lure helped him almost forget the beast.

However, strange trails of hoof-like marks which continued to appear overnight in the snow, close to his house - and especially near the windows, kept the memory alive. Will never tried to follow them into the forest, he pretended they didn't exist and if they did, then probably a hungry stag or doe smelled some food from his house…

Not a big deal.

Today he returned home really late because Jack took him to the Museum of Natural History for their current case. Someone was apparently using remains of prehistoric animals to murder people and one of their potential suspects was working there – with fossils. Jack decided Will should go to the museum with him and share his opinion on the man.

"Hey, Winston, what's up?" he smiled at his newest dog who watched him with urgency in eyes while others were eating their dinner. The dog glanced beside him, to the door, then back at Will, sitting on the edge of his bed. "I'll take you all out later," Will laughed. "Unless it's urgent, is it urgent?" Winston moved forward to lay his chin on Will's thigh, letting a silent whine out. "Oh, boy, you thought I needed a cuddle?" Will looked at him. "You are so right, I do!" He grinned while his hand combed through Winston's fur. He rubbed Winston behind the ears and decided to tell him about his visit to the museum. "I know that guy is the murderer we are looking for. Even Jack knows it. And I'm sure Tier knows I know, I read that in his eyes. He might be even more dangerous now – you know, wanting to enjoy the remaining time. But we have no real evidence against him – except his mental health history which isn't enough to get us a warrant to search his property." Winston yelped as if to show sympathy with Will's troubles. "But you know what? Maybe we could get permission to search his workplace, right? Maybe there will be something…" Will carefully stood up to call Jack with this suggestion. It seemed logical now, thinking about it. In the museum, Tier had access to the best equipment and fossils as well. Strange they hadn't realized that earlier.

"Yes, Jack. Good night to you, too!" During the end of the call Will had to push a finger into his second ear, raise his voice and close himself in the kitchen because all his dogs started barking like crazy. After he hung up, Will finally could return to the living room and see what disturbed them. Once they noticed his presence, the dogs calmed. Sitting on the floor, they faced the front door.

"Someone's out there?" Will didn't hear anyone knocking or ringing. No one answered his question either and it was too dark outside to see through the windows. Will walked directly to the entrance. With a short hesitation he opened the door but the porch was empty. Only biting cold, dark night waited outside. And some fresh snow lay on the wooden floor, as if someone just brought it there on their shoes.

Or… Not shoes.

Will looked around, sensed as well as his dogs that something was amiss. The dogs seemed terrified but one of them listened to his instincts further and bolted through the open door.

"Buster!!!" Will yelled at him, uselessly. The little guy tore off into the darkness, right between the sleeping trees. His human and the other dogs paused, uncertain what to do next. "Stay!" Will hissed at them. At the same moment Buster's yelp split the night. An icy shudder ran through Will's body. Hearing one of his best friends, his family, cry like that took all his logical sense away. The only thing remaining on his mind was the black monster from the creek. What if the beast was real – and hungry because Will hadn't been fishing for so long… Quickly he shut the door, found his rifle and a flashlight. He chambered two shells. Once again Will instructed the other dogs to stay and spurted from the house. The line of Buster's footprints could be easily followed. Only in his shirtsleeves, Will waded through the deep snow into the even deeper darkness.

As fast as possible, ignoring icy touches of cold biting down his skin, he reached the forest. It was harder to find the tracks here. Will slowed, turned on the flashlight. The place was quiet, unnaturally so. The monster could lurk anywhere in the darkness. Behind any tree, cloaked in any shadow. Will clutched his rifle tighter, prepared to pull the trigger anytime.

Then something moved in the snow ahead.

Fight for life

Chapter Summary

So, do you think you know what happened to Buster? Let's find out...

Will, too, is gonna have some "fun".

Who's for dinner tonight?

***
This fanfic is inspired by Abenaki story about the Water Wendigo as introduced here.

It's finished, I'll try to post 1 chapter a day. I have a few illustrations drawn by some lovely Fannibals, too! (if you want to add more, I'd love it!)

Thank you a lot for being my awesome beta, dear @vinylmurdersuit (twitter) <3

The non-con warning is for a chapter closer to the end, you'll be warned again :)

Will spun his barrel first, ready to fire. But instead of a dangerous creature, he recognized Buster. Lying on his side, injured, he yelped again as he sensed Will's closeness.

"It's good, Buster, I'm here," Will whispered. He realized that a hungry predator wouldn't leave the dog alive. So this was either a trap to get the bigger prey or something utterly different. Cautiously, Will scanned the space around. However, when he finally caught a glimpse of something in the darkness, it was too late. The thing pounced on him, smashing Will backward into the snow. Immediately, his hands flew up to protect himself. Will intended to grab on cold bones, to overpower the attacker but his adversary was too heavy, too strong. Silver moonlight reflected on long fangs and claws as the beast prepared itself for a fatal strike. Will took in a breath to scream when something sprung out from behind him and tore the beast away. The eerie silence only moments earlier was replaced with growls, hisses, and groans. Claws scraping, clashing of antlers against bones. Will's flashlight had broken during the crash so in the light of the Moon he could barely recognize the slim black body fighting the beast which attacked him.

Was it a pneumatic wheeze?! Will shook his head, that didn't matter. He rushed toward his dog to find him slashed and hobbled, but still alive. There was nothing else to think about. Quickly he scooped Buster up in his arms and as fast as possible he lumbered through the snow, toward the safety of four walls. Bustled inside, Will placed his injured friend down and impulsively locked the front door behind them. As if those monsters couldn't simply jump through one of the big windows…

Finally, Will allowed himself to catch a breath and think about what just happened. He should have shot both of them! Will hid his face in hands, bent his head. Since when was his life like

this?! Not too long ago he had been an academy teacher and now he was seriously considering whether it would be a good idea to shoot two monsters fighting in the forest!

A psychiatrist might be useful after all… But-

Will touched both his shoulders and looked around in a furious rush. Where is the rifle?! Hallucinating or not, his guns were his responsibility. He couldn't leave them laying outside regardless of how reasonable that might seem. Buster began to lick at his wound, it didn't look urgent. Will had to decide and he had to decide now, before the beasts outside stopped fighting and their attention would return to him. First of all, he switched off all the lights in the house so it wouldn't draw anyone's eyes in the night.

"You should be safe here," Will smiled at the dogs that sensed his anxiety. He returned to the gun cabinet and took his service handgun out of there.

Let's see if a hallucination can die , he teased himself.

His clothes were already waterlogged as the snow on him had melted in the warmth of his house but he didn't plan losing time by changing them. Despite the fact he hadn't found another flashlight, Will entered the forest in a hurry. He could already hear noises of the fight but the lifeless trees seemed all alike in the night! Running between them without light, Will stumbled over something, his other leg slipped on snow and he fell forward. A sound reached Will's ears as his head hit something hard but all expected pain was shut down by unconsciousness.

The next thing Will remembered was cold. Terrible cold surrounding his whole body. And pressure on his chest as if something heavy lay on him. Snow under his back. Also something wet and warm on the left side of his forehead. Will whined. His eyelids were heavy like stones when he tried to open them. But he had to open his eyes and then return home before the cold would kill him. Finally, he managed to do so – and immediately regretted the move. Two snow-white eyes stared at him from the vantablack face, closer than ever before. A short scream escaped his lungs before he silenced himself. The last thing he wanted to do right now was to make the beast angry. Will's heartbeat raced and although something deep inside his head kept telling him this wasn't real, he couldn't listen to it anymore.

And this is how I'm gonna die , sighed the sarcastic voice in his head. He couldn't stop looking at the dark face but the being broke the stare. However, instead of ripping Will's throat open the monster returned his attention to the bleeding forehead. With his rough tongue he licked at the new blood which poured over Will's skin. Will realized that this was the warm wetness he had felt when he woke up. Was the wendigo just enjoying his meal? Will started to believe that there was a chance he might not be on his menu tonight… Scanning his eyes down a bit, Will found the source of the pressure on his chest as well. The monster's long – and bloody – claws lay on his shirt as the hand kept pushing him down. It was clear that Will had to do something and do it quickly if he didn't want to either die of hypothermia or end up as someone's dinner. For a moment, he wondered what happened to the other beast… Shivering with cold, he tried to move. But the wendigo stopped licking his wound and bared his teeth at Will again. At least the fear returned some life into Will's numb limbs. It was hard to even move his lips directly but fortunately, Will managed to whisper:

"Cold…" A cloud of white air left Will's lungs together with the words and it felt almost like losing the last remains of his life. He coughed. The monster watched him with clear interest. "P-p-please… Go away, go…" Will needed a moment, he couldn't keep his eyes open anyone. Meanwhile, the pressure on his chest disappeared and everything became silent as it was before the beast attacked him. Will forced his eyes open, maybe for the last time. Surprisingly enough, the wendigo was gone. A sigh of relief passed his lips as Will recognized his only chance. Against his will he dragged himself to his feet. As fast as possible, Will hobbled toward the warm house. The woofing of his dogs finally welcomed him home, and it sounded like music to his ears. Unable to control the trembling of his body, Will struggled to lock the door. He changed his wet clothes for much warmer ones, then poured himself a big shot of whiskey. It gave him a false feeling of heat before he buried himself in bed, deep under the blankets. The dogs watched their human with worried eyes until Will called them closer.

"Come, up here, guys!" He smiled as the heat of their bodies surrounded him. Only Buster stayed in his bed on the floor, unable to jump up with his injured leg. Will remembered he needed some help but Will's numb body wasn't able to do anything right now. Once he settled in bed, sleep overtook him.

Dreams

Chapter Summary

With the morning light, everything that happened the last night seems like nothing but another hallucination again.
Will can't believe his own memories, can he?

***
This fanfic is inspired by Abenaki story about the Water Wendigo as introduced here.

It's finished, I'll try to post 1 chapter a day. I have a few illustrations drawn by some lovely Fannibals, too! (if you want to add more, I'd love it!)

Thank you a lot for being my awesome beta, dear @vinylmurdersuit (twitter) <3

The non-con warning is for a chapter closer to the end, you'll be warned again :)

Better to sleep on it , they say.

However, when Will woke up he wasn't sure what the hell happened last night. At all. Yesterday, while lying down, he had been so certain that what had happened was real, he would have been ready to put his hand in the fire for it. He would bet his life that the wendigo had truly licked the blood from his wound and everything.

But now?

It all seemed so ridiculous in the daylight! However, whatever had happened, Buster was still injured and his service gun missing as well as the rifle. Will had to sort out his priorities. Of course first he treated his dog's leg – which looked like if a big claw struck him. Then he filled everyone's bowls. Swallowing some vitamin pills, because the last thing he needed was to fall ill again, he grabbed a coat, his cell phone and left the house to follow his own footsteps.

The first thing Will found was his handgun. He picked it up from the snow with significant relief. Hopefully, the night outside hadn’t damaged it. There was no blood around, although the imprint of a body and the painful wound on his forehead made it clear that this was where he had fallen into the snow. Some hoof prints could be recognized around but this forest always has been full of animals, right? Will decided just to ignore the fact that no real stag could possibly have hooves that big. During this winter, Will had plenty of praxis at ignoring overgrown hooves traces anyway. He scattered the snow around. If he was going to find a body up there between trees, no one had to know about his shameful fall…

Firstly, he saw nothing. With a hope that no monster ever existed, Will collected his rifle and broken flashlight from the ground. Just to be sure he walked a bit further between the trees. Soon,

it was not only a trail of trampled snow which he followed but also casual red spots. Will found the body on a forest glade where wild pigs loved digging in the mud during warm months. Once he noticed it, Will's heartbeat rose and he backed toward the closest tree to lean against its trunk. The place seemed safer that way. In the middle of the glade there lay the strange skeleton of a big animal bespattered with blood. Panting, Will pulled out his phone and dialed a number.

"Hey, Will!" The voice answered after the fourth ring.

"Hi, Bev. I need you at my house. Well, not exactly in but-"

"Will, stop it. I'm working. Can't just say bye everyone and leave," she laughed which made Will sigh.

"I need you to look at something. It's important." Finally, she recognized the urgency in his words.

"Ah, fine… But could it be later today? I need to finish-"

"It's important that you get here as soon as possible. Please!" Will added extra stress to the please word. Beverly sighed.

"Okay, okay. I'll tell Jack you need me, just so you know."

"Sure, tell him…" *If what I see is true, we'll need him here anyway.* Will then provided her a detailed description of the way from his house to the glade. Of course he could wait for Beverly at his doorstep. However, he was too afraid that the whole thing might disappear if he took his eyes off of it.

A deep breath and slow step forward. Will had over an hour before Beverly's arrival. Of course the best procedure would be to stay away from the crime scene. But he needed to see that the beast which attacked him had a human face. For the peace of his own mind if nothing else. The body lay spread on its back. Will leaned over it. Under the big bear skull he clearly recognized features of Randall Tier. His throat was ripped open as well as the unprotected belly. Will stared at the nearly-empty torso for about five minutes. Blood and remained innards emanated like rays of a star across the whole glade. It would be perfectly understandable to back off again. Instead, Will stared at the body, which seemed to be presented here for him, with incompressible awe. The animal suit which Tier had been using for his murders was a powerful weapon. Will could not imagine an actual animal would be able to beat it. Not even a pack of hungry coyotes. That meant-

"Hey, Will, you didn't hear- WHAT the heck is this?!" Beverly's voice threw his thoughts apart. Will shook his head and looked around, just to find her stood on the edge of the crime scene.

"Can you see what I see?" He had to assure himself.

"If I can… Will, even from Space they can see this!" Beverly rolled her eyes. "Come here!" Without waiting for any reaction she pulled out her phone and called Jack to arrive with the rest of the investigation team. Then she turned her attention to Will. "Why did you call me? Why not Jack Crawford? Why not the police?"

"I called you because I wasn’t entirely sure what I saw was real. There is no one else I could call… Sorry if that caused you any trouble." Yes, he always had Alana. But after the awkward kiss they had exchanged… And call her to check on the not-so-much imaginary crime scene didn't seem appropriate anyway.

"The hallucinations again?" Her face transformed with worries. Will's admission left her almost heartbroken. Will took a while to consider his answer before he smiled.

"No hallucinations. I was checked and am still okay. It's just that what happened seemed too weird to be real." Beverly looked at the bloody remains of Randall Tier and led Will aside so they couldn't see it anymore.

"Well, what exactly happened?! My imagination is struggling with this one."

Will described how his dogs had sensed something outside, how Buster got injured, and then how Tier attacked him. He repeated the same after Jack and others arrived. However, when it came to the part where he had been saved, Will decided not to be honest. For many reasons it would be utterly stupid to tell them about the antlered monster which protected him. He just explained it had been too dark to see how Tier got thrown off of him. And after that, Will had run away and fallen unconscious at home, due to the head injury he had suffered during the attack. Beverly immediately demanded him to go to a hospital and get checked because *head injuries and unconsciousness isn't fun at all!* Will assured her he would do that once they would be finished here – but he knew that wouldn't ever happen.

Jack took him out of the crowd a while after. "Look, Will, now I'm asking you not as a witness now, but as our profiler! Who do you think might do such a thing? Look at the body, that's like if he met someone who was just alike… Which is not what I want to hear!"

Will rushed a hand through his hair, thinking. "Don't worry, I doubt it was a human being. I've heard that there is a pack of coyotes that already killed and ate several people in this area. It's my best guess. Might be wild pigs as well. This is their favorite place, but not that much during winter."

The relief mirrored on Jack's face. "DNA and other tests are unavoidable routines but I believe you are right."

"Yeah…" Because Jack left he couldn't see nervousness which settled in Will's eyes. However, Beverly did.

"What did he tell you?"

"Erm… Nothing important, he wanted to know what I think about the culprit." He wasn't able to hold eye contact.

"And?"

"It was an animal."

"Well, sounds possible – and somehow karmic," she laughed, then paused for a while. They watched Jimmy taking photos of the crime scene and Brian exploring the body. He clearly admired how elaborated the mechanical animal suit was.

"You know what?" Beverly pushed him. "Maybe I could sometimes visit you just like a friend, not because there is a dead body around your house."

That evoked a candid smile from Will. "I wonder where all those killers are finding my home address." Firstly Budiš, now Tier…

"Yeah, that's weird. You really should consider moving somewhere else."

"Why? I love it here. And apparently, I'm protected." Will winked at her.

Despite Will's claim about coyotes and wild pigs, he didn't believe that himself. Too much happened to accept it all just like another hallucination. Maybe he hadn't hallucinated at all… As hard as it seemed to believe that mythological monsters might be real, today Will was inclined to do so. And if one of them saved his life, maybe even for the second time, it shouldn't pass unnoticed. Will remembered his mythological monster loved fish and decided to bring him a lot of them as an unmistakable sign of gratitude.

Bloody dinner

Chapter Summary

The dinner is served.

Again.

But this time, Will provides the meat...

"Feed your fear!"

***
This fanfic is inspired by Abenaki story about the Water Wendigo as introduced here.

It's finished, I'll try to post 1 chapter a day. I have a few illustrations drawn by some lovely Fannibals, too! (if you want to add more, I'd love it!)

Thank you a lot for being my awesome beta, dear @vinylmurdersuit (twitter) <3

The non-con warning is for a chapter closer to the end, you'll be warned again :)

Fortunately, it wasn't yet dark outside when everyone finally disappeared from the forest. Will had spent hours in the cold creek to fill the biggest bowl in his kitchen with salmon and trout. And now he could bring them to the glade. Sure, he might have left them on the bank as always. But today, Will wanted to make the gesture clear. And secretly, he also hoped that this time his dark protector could show up, willingly and with no rush, so Will would be finally able to see him as a real being. Not just freak out because he thought he was losing his mind… Despite the fact this being saved him, Will also couldn't forget their first encounter. That night when the wendigo had almost eaten him – at least that was Will's feeling from the night. But they had come a long way since then and Will decided it would be much better to become wendigo's friend rather than his prey. Still, he put the handgun on his belt before leaving the house.

With his heart in his throat and the bowl full of fish, Will approached the glade. Step by step. There was nothing to worry about – except the cannibalistic monster in the woods… For a while Will distracted his mind by thinking about whether it could be called cannibalism when wendigos clearly weren't human beings... Then he entered the abandoned crime scene and his thoughts turned dark. The trees around were wrapped in police tape which made frightening noises when trapped in the wind. The body had almost mysteriously disappeared but not so its blood. Will remembered the snow when it had been white and red. Now it had become disgustingly brown, as warmth and pressure of many feet mixed it with the mud underneath. Spontaneously, his gaze flitted to a tree trunk on the left and noticed a splash of blood soaked in the bark. A chill skittered down his spine at thesight. Will's fingers around the bowl stretched, clenched again. Haphazardly he chose a direction toward dense forest, turned that way and called out:

"Can you hear me? Are you somewhere around?" Quick breath. "Are you… Really real?" A sigh. "I want to-" Will sensed a glimpse focused on his back and lost all words. He wasn't sure if there were any birds singing before but now the surrounding area felt anxiously silent. And empty, despite the fact it surely wasn't.

Something behind him cracked.

With all his remaining courage, Will managed to turn around. Between the trees at the edge of the glade, Will's monster, wendigo, the beast stood up tall on all four limbs. With his chest out and curiously tilted head he watched Will – prepared to attack or run if needed. Although this was for what Will came here, he still couldn't believe his own eyes. The wendigo sniffed the air smelling after dead fish and frightened man. Hearing a low growl, Will finally forced his body to work again. Slowly, avoiding any sudden moves, he lay the bowl into the snow and took several steps backwards. His now empty hands were trembling.

"I just… Wanted to… Thanks? Do you understand me? Thank you a lot for your help last night…" The being kept his eyes, dark maroon eyes, on Will but nothing changed in his obsidian face. Hesitantly, his hands moved forward as he decided to go closer. Still fully on all fours. Will's heartbeat raced when he stopped, leaning toward the last tree trunk. There was only the open glade in front of him and the wendigo knew how dangerous it could be. Sniffing in the air once again, he decided that every other human but Will had left the place a while ago. Now he had to carefully consider if this particular human was worthy of such trust. Will watched his discomfort which seemed too genuine to be made up by his own mind.

"You… You truly exist, don't you?" Will's body language expressed a bigger thrill than someone in a similar situation should. "And probably don't understand a word…" The corner of his lips curled up but turned numb fast enough. Without any warning signs the wendigo stood up, which made him taller than Will again. He stepped out of the forest, slowly walked forward only on his legs this time. The bowl of fish drew his attention just for a second. Instead of eating its contents the wendigo passed around it and headed for the man.

Will's breath hitched in fear when this tall, gaunt but definitely very strong creature stopped again, this time right in front of him. The being stood closer than Will would normally allow any other human to, but apprehension didn't allow him to run away. That, and uncontrolled curiosity. Now, that Will could finally acknowledge that the creature prowling around his home was real, he needed to know more about him and what his intentions were. Otherwise Will knew he would not be able to sleep ever again. So he didn't back off when the wendigo bent to bury his nose in the wound at Will's forehead. He swallowed his sudden pain but the being noticed and fell back. He curiously observed Will's scared face. The lack of possibilities made Will smile toward him.

"Hello," he tried to say without stutter. For a single instant, Will almost believed that the wendigo was going to answer him. The being's lips parted and moved until they closed again. The wendigo let out only a low grumble. Having his mouth near like this, Will could clearly see how sharp the wendigo's pointed teeth were. One wrongly-considered move on his side would be enough to end up as Randall Tier had. The beast had already tasted Will's blood and seemingly enjoyed it, which raised Will's nervousness by itself. The next thing Will noticed was the wendigo's fur. It almost looked as if he had none, only naked black skin. Not a lot of people probably ever could take a better look but careful eyes would notice very thick, soft and short hairs covering the wendigo's whole body. Except hooves, claws and several spots on his palms. At few places the hairs grow longer, too. Mainly behind his neck, on his shoulders and along his spine; which Will couldn't see

right now but had noticed when the wendigo had stood with all his limbs in the snow. In daylight, the fur itself was opalescent with all shades of black. Something like the effect of raven feathers, but not exactly.

At this point, Will wasn't sure what to do next. Should he consider the wendigo being more like a stray dog or rather a human? Was it even clever to stare into his face like Will had done for a while now? He knew very well how predators usually read a longer eye contact. In the sudden realization, Will quickly cast his eyes down. Therefore he didn't see when the wendigo moved to take Will's hand into his own. The beast pressed Will's palm against his face, sniffing it, until he started licking the bare skin of the palm and fingers. Despite the roughness of the wendigo's tongue, Will couldn't help but giggle under the tickling touches. However, he was more than aware of all the current dangers. The tongue felt like coarse sandpaper and could easily draw blood through Will's skin if it wasn't licking on his hand where the skin had been stronger. Unclear intentions of this behavior worried Will more. With each lick along a finger he half-expected the wendigo would bite it off in his next move. But what else could he do than wait patiently? Carefully, Will's other hand clutched around the gun on his belt. But he was sure the beast would rip his throat open before he would even pull the gun out. He released the grip helplessly. Looking at wendigo's bowed nape Will rather let his thoughts to be dragged by presumed softness of his mane. He knew how wendigo's fur felt when tied up to the lure, but this would be something else! When the being didn't let him go for another minute, Will finally gathered enough of courage to reach out with his free hand.

Immediately, the wendigo stopped licking his fingers and let out a deep growl. Will froze with his fingertips buried in the finest fur he had ever touched, aware of his mistake. The beast gripped Will's other hand tighter and turned his head so he could see the place where Will was touching him. With exposed teeth and pointed ears pressed back against his skull, the wendigo was clearly considering a bite. Will quickly withdrew his hand from the shoulder.

"I'm sorry…? This is probably only a one-sided relationship," he smiled awkwardly. The wendigo snorted, then released the grip around Will's wrist. In the very next moment he hurled himself back and down on the bowl of fish. His bloody feast began quickly, however he never stopped watching Will with careful eyes. The beast was seemingly nervous. As if the man was the dangerous one of them.

"Sooo… I'll probably go… To let you eat in peace, hm?" Will tried his best to make his voice sound calming as he was almost sure the wendigo didn't understand the meaning of the words. Slowly, very slowly, Will backed off from the glade. Only when he couldn't even see a point of the wendigo's antlers he found the courage to turn and run home.

He was scared but also excited. He had just touched the being which shouldn't exist. And the being had touched him… The fingers of both his hands vibrated with the thrill.

Incredible.

Stunning.

Great!

Knock knock

Chapter Summary

Someone decided to visit Will's home...

***
This fanfic is inspired by Abenaki story about the Water Wendigo as introduced here.

It's finished, I'll try to post 1 chapter a day. I have a few illustrations drawn by some lovely Fannibals, too! (if you want to add more, I'd love it!)

Thank you a lot for being my awesome beta, dear @vinylmurdersuit (twitter) <3

The non-con warning is for a chapter closer to the end, you'll be warned again :)

Something like a knock on a window distracted Will. He startled a bit, not sure which window it was. Thinking about it, the sound reminded him more of scratching than knocking. The wind might have moved a branch so Will decided to ignore it. He was sitting in front of his laptop, searching for some useful information about wendigos. Of course the only thing he could find was old Native American stories – or new fantasy stories. For obvious reasons the first ones seemed more legitimate, but wendigos in them usually spoke a human language. So it was still hard to decide which parts might be at least a bit true. The wendigo word itself looked like a lot of fun things to think about during nights as it meant something like "the evil spirit that devours mankind". Although Will already knew this creature is supposed to eat people, he could only hope that at this point he wouldn't become one of those people. Sometimes, wendigos were also called "spirits of the lonely places" which felt kind of heartbreaking as his wendigo clearly desired company – he had been roaming around Will's house for months now. In contradiction to what Will had thought, female wendigos seemed much more dangerous than male ones. To his surprise it even looked like wendigo men had sometimes joined human families to live with – although those families usually made them feel accepted only in order to survive. The stories also said wendigos had been humans before they committed an act of cannibalism which began their transformation. Apparently, death was the only way to free a frozen person in their heart from the wendigo spirit. Metaphors probably went too far in this part… Will couldn't even imagine killing such a beautiful creature. Especially as they were on their way to becoming friends, it seemed.

The scratching sounded again, and the dogs started barking. This time Will was sure it came from the porch. Hesitantly, he stood up. After lightning flashed outside, Will's heart jumped in his chest. Catching up on a skipped breath he stared where he had seen the silhouette of a dark figure with a bloody bowl in its claws. Will hadn't expected to see the bowl ever again. Surely he wouldn't have hoped for something like this. This situation required a fast decision. The first thing that passed Will's mind were native stories and how it usually impressed wild wendigos when

someone treated them without fear. So Will swallowed all doubts and locked the dogs in the kitchen, for their own safety. Then he opened the main door. He did it with a smile which turned out to be surprisingly genuine. In his deepest thoughts he had been hoping to meet the being again, soon.

The wendigo hesitantly peeped inside, his eyes especially focused on Will who slightly backed off from the door.

"Don't be afraid," Will breathed out, feeling the irony of his words. "You can come in…" One of wendigo's hooves loudly clicked on the wooden porch, as he switched weight from one leg to the other. Will took it as a sign that he should back off even further. Slowly, he moved backwards until his thighs bumped the edge of his bed. Will sat down right there. Still he was watching the door, nervously digging his fingers into the mattress when the tips of wendigo's antlers entered his house for the very first time. Silently, Will hushed the whining dogs who had been scratching at the kitchen door.

The wendigo's lips tightened into a thin line and his ears were pressed against the sides of his head again after he dared to fully come inside. Too late Will realized all his guns were on the other side of the room. Now he was left to the mercy of the human-eating wild animal and could only hope he had read his behavior right… The bowl slipped out of the wendigo's hands as the beast bowed a bit and started sniffing the air. Not much different from a dog observing new surroundings. The ability to compare his unexpected guest to a dog helped Will to feel more comfortable in his presence.

Maybe too much.

He moved on the bed and it released a loud squeaky sound. The wendigo startled. Cautiously, he slanted a sharp look in Will's direction. A deep growl left his lungs and the hairs on Will's nape prickled. Will pressed his lips tight as he decided that standing up wouldn't be a good idea at all. After a while, the wendigo calmed. His curiosity outweighed his fear and he began scanning all the things he could have seen only through windows till now. His long claws wandered onto everything as he kept touching the things around him. A vase, opened laptop, dog sculpture, books, fly-tying magnifier... The clicking sound they caused was driving Will crazy. Each scratch made his innards tremble as if it was clawing on his own skin. The wendigo sat on his heels to smell charred wood in fireplace. Ash flew into his nose and forced several coughs out of him. Will suppressed the urge to laugh for his own good. While coughing, the wendigo's claws hitched in the fabric of the dogs' beds. With widened eyes, the being hooked one of these beds on his claws and raised it to his face, so he could sniff the dogs’ scents from it. The wendigo slightly bared his teeth, ears quickly flicked on his head. Soon after he shook the bed away and turned his nose toward the kitchen. All the dogs were quiet now but the wendigo knew they were there.

Will could only hope that the being wouldn't decide to get closer to them. The locked door certainly wouldn't stop him and Will would die inside if his fascination of the wendigo led to his dogs being killed. Fortunately, the creature decided not to do so. Instead, he turned toward Will and the place where the man's scent was the strongest. Will was afraid the wendigo might pounce on him, as he returned to all fours. The beast came slinking through the room towards Will. He approached the bed, kept eyes locked on Will and continued to slowly move around it. Once Will couldn't see the beast, he started to panic. He felt the mattress dip as the wendigo climbed onto the bed behind him.

Will was taken utterly by surprise when the wendigo began to purr. Purr like a really pleased, really big and really strange antlered cat. Will tilted himself a bit to see what the hell was happening. The wendigo lay on his bed, wallowing in the sheets and cover asif he would like to melt in them. After a while of watching his rolling moves Will couldn't suppress a little laughter anymore.

That big feared monster seemed so vulnerable and innocent right now!

The wendigo, distracted by the strange sound, stopped everything. He sat on the bed and his gaze swept over Will whose smile faded quickly. A part of the blanket tangled around wendigo's antler and made him shake his head angrily.

"Stop it!" Will dared to speak again and the being stilled, staring at him cautiously. "I'll help you if…" Will slowly turned, knelt on the mattress and raised his hands. "…if you allow me…?" Did the wendigo just bend down a bit so Will could reach his antlers easier? Will stopped breathing when his fingers grasped the blanket. *Although, it might have only seemed so, right?* One way or another, Will did his best to touch nothing but the fabric. He remembered the wendigo didn't like to be touched by him. Once his antlers were free, they both parted again. Will sat on his legs and cracked up with another laugh when the wendigo tried to mimic his previous smile. That looked so weird! But the sound still disquieted Will's guest, so he put an end to it immediately.

"I'm sorry…?" He never could stop wondering whether the wendigo understood English words or not. Instead of any reasonable answer or reaction, the beast hurled himself forward. Will screamed in shock and panic and tried to back off out of the wendigo's reach. However, the two black arms wrapped around him like octopus' tentacles – or rather kraken's ones. The wendigo switched his position and closed the space between them. Carefully, so he wouldn't injure Will with the antlers, he pressed his head against Will's chest. If possible, Will's pulse pounded even more with the memory of Randall Tier's savaged torso.

But there was also excitement behind all the fear. He gave it a while to let the wendigo settle. And then Will decided to try his luck for the second time. Aware of every possible bloody outcome, he slid his hand into the wendigo's fur once again, gently combing through short hairs with his fingers. Immediately, Will felt the grip around his body tighten, a quiet hiss escaped from the beast's lips and the muscles under Will's palm tensed. But nothing more happened, the wendigo remained still on Will's now trembling chest. Actually, Will’s whole body trembled, and it seemed impossible to breathe properly.

"Ohmygod," he whispered while his fingers entwined in the wendigo's smooth hairs. He could barely believe that this was real. However, warm breath blowing on his chest seemed like enough to prove it. Very slowly Will's hand moved, stroking the wendigo's shoulders, nape and the back of his head. Will especially enjoyed his long shiny mane. He could only imagine how magnificent it must have been while bristled in anger or fear, although he knew that if he remains lucky, he won't ever see it that way. After a while, the wendigo began purring. Hesitantly at first, but all doubts vanished with passing time.

Speak with me

Chapter Summary

Does this count as a kiss?

...I think it does :D

***

This fanfic is inspired by Abenaki story about the Water Wendigo as introduced here.

It's finished, I'll try to post 1 chapter a day. I have a few illustrations drawn by some lovely Fannibals, too! (if you want to add more, I'd love it!)

Thank you a lot for being my awesome beta, dear @vinylmurdersuit (twitter) <3

The non-con warning is for a chapter closer to the end, you'll be warned again :)

Morning light caught them in the opposite position. When he opened his eyes, Will found himself laying on the wendigo's chest, breathing out into his soft fur, listening to the slow beats of his heart. Will hadn't remembered falling asleep, he just knew the wendigo had refused to let him go. Now, the dogs were whining and scratching on the kitchen door. They needed to go out, of course, after the entire night spent inside. But how could Will manage this situation? It wasn't even a possibility to simply get up. The wendigo didn't seem like a pack animal which most likely meant he wasn't used to others moving around him while sleeping. How would he react if Will moved and woke him up? It might easily result in a very dangerous situation…

Before Will could think about it any further, he realized the wendigo was already awake. His claws wove through Will's hair, rubbed the rim of his ear… Therefore Will tried to raise himself up. The wendigo immediately hissed in disagreement, the tips of his claws pointed against Will's skin. Hesitantly, Will reached out for the hand on his head to pull it down. Then, when he could lift up on his elbows, Will held wendigo's long fingers and sharp claws closer for his eyes to inspect them in awe. They were killing tools and certainly only a few could experience their gentle side, too.

"You probably really don't know how to speak, right?" Will just murmured before a yawn escaped his mouth. Wendigo turned on his side to face Will. His lips curled silently but then he managed to articulate something clumsy, yet it was still a real word:

"Spe-ake?"

"WOW!" blurted out Will in a genuine surprise. "Do you… Do you know what this means? Can you understand what I'm saying?" The wendigo only smirked, contour of his sharp fangs showed under the tightened lips. Just another reminder to Will that this was not a stray dog, that he was playing a dangerous game with his fate… Aware of this all, Will couldn't stop anyway. Maybe the wendigo had already devoured him, only in a little different way. After all, how often does a man get such an opportunity?

"Ehm," he carefully let go of the wendigo's hand. "So, I… If you understand what I'm saying… I need to let the dogs out and then I can bring you something to eat… Either some meat from my freezer or we could go fishing… Ehm, you know, only if you want to stay, of course. Are you hungry?" *What a stupid question!* It was written in the stories that wendigos are always hungry. For human meat – maybe Will shouldn't recall that. He would open the door leading outside straight from the kitchen for his dogs, to make sure they wouldn't meet with his guest. However, he couldn't be sure what, if at least something, did the wendigo understood. Maybe he just knew how to repeat words – something like a parrot.

"So, I'm going," Will informed him once again and moved. But right when he made it clear that he wanted to leave his bed, the wendigo growled, grabbed him and pulled Will back. To keep him there, the being promptly fell over him with his whole body. Will's heart skipped a beat as fear bit in again.

Now I'm gonna die…

But these expectations lasted only until the wendigo's fingers ruffled his hair again and his long tongue licked Will's cheek. The beast onto him began purring and continued licking Will's skin. Although Will's terrified expression turned into an amused one, this helped him fully realize how strong his unexpected guest was…

"Enough," Will whined playfully after a while, trying to avoid the rough tongue. "You're gonna give me beard rash!" But he had hardly enough space to escape from his reach and the wendigo was clearly enjoying it too much. Before Will could say anything more, his cell phone on a table next to the bed rang loudly. Spontaneously, Will's head turned toward the sound.

"I have to-" his mouth opened at the same time with the move but he couldn't finish the sentence. Due the sudden turn his lips met with wendigo's and beast's tongue slipped between them with no hesitation. Will's eyes widened and he wrenched from the kiss immediately. Despite wendigo's obvious disagreement and deep growling, Will dared to raise his voice on him for the first time: "No! You can't do this!" The beast hissed but Will remained true to his statement and repeated: "No! That's just..."

It hadn't crossed Will's mind that the wendigo was maybe looking for something different than a friendship throughout – until now. For several significant reasons he had no idea what to do with such realization. The phone kept ringing and the wendigo stared at him, somehow disappointed. After two more rings, the beast's gaze turned on the phone, then back to Will. Then, finally, he climbed down from Will and the bed and ran away; out of the house, towards the forest. A loud sigh of relief escaped Will’s lungs as the wendigo's weight disappeared – or was it just a normal sigh? Shaking the thoughts aside he reached for the phone. But despite Jack's call with news in the case of Tier's death, Will couldn't get the taste of the wendigo's tongue out of his mind.

Never Forget

Chapter Summary

It's a work day again and Will has some questions.

You know, these normal things you ask your colleagues after you've accidently kissed a non-human being... :)))

***
This fanfic is inspired by Abenaki story about the Water Wendigo as introduced here.

It's finished, I'll try to post 1 chapter a day. I have a few illustrations drawn by some lovely Fannibals, too! (if you want to add more, I'd love it!)

Thank you a lot for being my awesome beta, dear @vinylmurdersuit (twitter) <3

The non-con warning is for a chapter closer to the end, you'll be warned again :)

They officially confirmed Randall Tier's identity as well as the fact that his animal suit had been used to kill victims in the other cases. That was good. What didn't seem so good anymore was the fact they had also found a very strange DNA in Tier's wounds. Jack decided to test the coyotes' victims from the area as well due to the similar pattern and all results were mostly the same. It appeared to be a weird mixture of animal and human genes where the human part belonged to someone who had been most likely dead. Even if not dead, he would be too old to hunt tourists in forests. Which meant the samples or bodies themselves were contaminated – either accidentally or intentionally.

"Whose DNA have you found?" Will had to ask, frowning.

"Minus that unidentifiable animal part it matches with Hannibal Lecter," Jimmy answered quickly. Sound of that name made Jack clench his fist which didn't escaped Will's attention. He had heard about the case with Doctor Lecter but as it was never classified as closed and *someone* had been forbidden to use anything from its file during Academy lessons, Will had never been further interested in it. Something about cannibalism, though? The man was highly suspected to be a serial killer known as the Chesapeake Ripper and for Jack it still remained very personal. Without anyone asking, Jack revealed that his last known victim – Miriam Lass – had been found in Lecter's office years ago, after she went there to ask several questions about the Ripper case. Doctor Lecter himself had been nowhere to be found, no more Chesapeake Ripper's victims appeared since then, either.

"It's true, her… Hmpf. …body had similar injuries to Tier's… But it isn't possible! He would be over eighty now. There's no way he would be able to overcome Tier in his robotic suit," thundered Jack.

"I haven't seen much, Jack, but I can assure you the one who pounced on Tier certainly was not an eighty year old man," Will tried to smile and bring him some peace.

"I know! Someone in the lab made a mistake, that's probably all. We'll figure that out and they'll suffer the consequences!"

"What about a copycat killer with Dr. Lecter's body in their freezer?" Brian smirked, not entirely aware how angry those recalled memories of Miriam Lass made Jack feel. Everyone in the room looked at Jimmy, awaiting an answer.

"What?! Don't stare like that, it's terrifying!" Jack frowned even more which forced Jimmy to answer promptly: "I don't think that this DNA comes from a dead body. It has absolutely no signs of decay, right?" His head turned to Beverly who slightly nodded. Jack grumbled.

"We might need a security clearance! I'll find out who fucked this up!!!" he yelled while leaving the room, alone. The whole science team felt bad even though they knew they did nothing wrong. It might be only the bigger laboratory where the samples were sent for tests… Then they noticed Will, still leaned against the door frame. That was strange because he usually avoided awkward situations and usually left the lab with Jack anyway.

"Ugh, Will, you need something else?" Brian raised an eyebrow at him and Beverly hit him in his shoulder immediately. "Au!"

"Ahah, sorry, it can wait if-"

"Nonsense, ignore Mr. Grumpy right here," Jimmy laughed while his words made Brian frown. "What's up?"

"I've just been thinking… We're friends, aren't we?" Will rubbed his neck nervously.

"Of course we are!" That was Beverly stealing the word. "Something's wrong, Will?"

"It's more like a theoretical problem, nothing about our cases…"

"Yeah?" Brian raised his head from a folder in his hands, relieved. The morgue was full of torn bodies and it seemed like ENOUGH these days.

"Hmb… I just have been wondering… Heh, whether it's zoophilia when-"

"Yep, if you have to ask, it most likely is!" Jimmy and Brian, they both cracked up. Will gave them one very terrible frown, Beverly fought with her own urge to laugh.

"No, we're sorry, continue, really…" Jimmy tried to save the situation, pushing his palm over Brian's still opened mouth.

"Well, ugh…" Will was angry at himself for opening this theme at all, but he couldn't back off now. "I mean, you know, when a human being fell in love with a… A vampire? Or a werewolf, that might be a better example. Mermaid, satyr,… heck, King Kong! Ya know what I mean?"

"I bet!" Jimmy laughed again.

"Yes, friends, there are weird things in TV these days," Brian finally controlled himself enough to join the conversation again. Jimmy gave him an approving smirk.

"But if that's what troubles you," Jimmy stretched his hands, "I would say it's kind of crazy to date someone who can literally eat you, but from the moral viewpoint it's probably okay?" He looked at Brian - as if expecting disagreement.

"Yeah, why, I agree… After all, most of these monsters had been humans at some point or still partially are." He watched Beverly nodding. "And they can probably still consent to, whatever kinky thing you wanna do with them; right? However," Brian's attention returned to Jimmy. "I have an issue with these big apes and werewolves."

"An issue, you said?" He tilted his head. "I get the *monkeys* , but werewolves are practically humans most of the time!"

"Well! There are like humanoid werewolves who sound fine, but then there are those who fully transform into a wolf body! Who cares if that's just once a month or something, no?"

"I see your point, but it's still a human in that wolf body so-"

"I know, but still, you would be fucking a fucking wolf and that's…"

Will mentally face-palmed and stepped backwards to give them some privacy for the werewolf discourse he had unintentionally begun. Surprised a bit, he met Beverly's eyes when he looked up from his own shoes again.

"You think they are right?" Will forced a smile on his face.

Beverly nodded once again. "I mean, as long as both sides can clearly express their common interest or something…" she winked. "How did you suddenly come up with such a question? Was it because of that DNA tests, did you fall in love with the monster which saved your life?" Beverly finally laughed a bit and Will joined her.

"What???" he blurted in between. "That would be crazy…" His laughter turned into something awkward in an eye blink so they let it go.

"That really would be, mainly because monsters don't exist, right?" she gave him a suspicious blink.

"Of course they don't. I just saw a really weird movie and thought you guys might enjoy a little distraction." *Smile, Will! Fake it till you make her believe…* Actually, he had no idea why he had asked these questions at all. He knew for sure it wasn't what he wanted – to start a relationship like that with the wendigo. And even if so, he could hardly guess what was chasing through wendigo's head. It would be nothing but stupid and selfish to assume anything. After all, it was just a kiss – which might have a lot of different meanings in the wendigos' world. And it even might have been much less. Rather just another lick of Will's face which ended up at the wrong place due to his unexpected move…

Then why was Will carrying the memory of it with him the whole day? Unable to get rid of the feeling of something rough in his mouth and the weight of the body lying on him… Will thought

of the wendigo's beautiful eyes, the color of which reminded him of snow, the soft texture of his fur, how his human-like features perfectly blended into something not human at all… How he was the most ravishing thing Will has ever seen.

And so he realized he was lost, cursed forever.

"Thanks for your opinion." This time his smile was genuine. He had one only for Beverly because the other two guys were still very vividly arguing about werewolf/human sex. "Um, and… Do you think I could get a copy of that Hannibal Lecter case file? I've never really read that, maybe I'll come up with something."

"Oh, sure… Have a coffee or snack and I'll bring it for you," she patted his shoulder gently, then headed toward a computer.

Doctor Lecter?

Chapter Summary

The two are getting to know each other a little bit more :)

And love is clearly in the air - as well as the smell of blood.

***
This fanfic is inspired by Abenaki story about the Water Wendigo as introduced here.

It's finished, I'll try to post 1 chapter a day. I have a few illustrations drawn by some lovely Fannibals, too! (if you want to add more, I'd love it!)

Thank you a lot for being my awesome beta, dear @vinylmurdersuit (twitter) <3

The non-con warning is for a chapter closer to the end, you'll be warned again :)

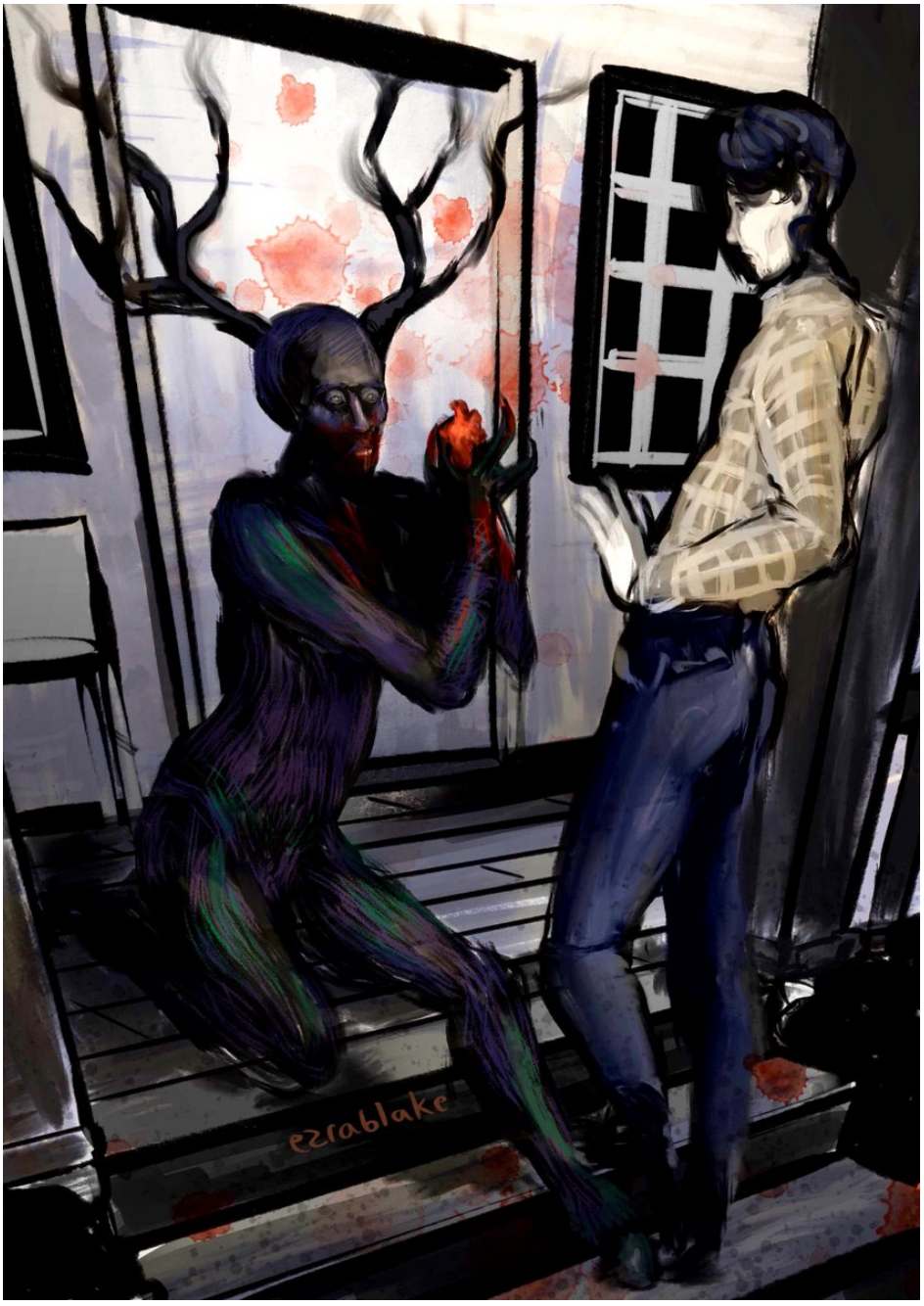
Chapter Notes

Art by @EzraBlakeWrites (Twitter).

He could see it right from the car, even before he parked on the driveway. Bloody stains on the porch and the big black creature curled up in front of the locked front door. His dogs were barking.

What happened?!

Horrified, Will rushed out of the car, and the wendigo finally moved. When he found out the blood didn't belong either to the wendigo or one of his dogs, Will let out a sigh of relief. The beast sat on the wooden floor and reached both of his hands toward Will. A veiny piece of meat lay in his palms – a heart! The blood wasn't only on the porch but also everywhere on the wendigo's fur, mainly around his claws and mouth. An unexpected urge to vomit took over Will, yet he managed to control his body. Several deep breaths through his mouth – not the nose! – helped. Clutching fingers on his bag, he took a few steps closer.



"Doctor Lecter?" he said and the beast tilted his head. "Hannibal Lecter? That's your name?" But nothing else changed, the wendigo just wanted Will to take that heart.

And so he did.

An awkward moment of silence was interrupted by the beast's low snarl as he moved his now empty hands under his mouth and mimed a bite. He clearly suggested that Will should eat the meat!

"Eww, well, thank you for the gift but..." Will sighed. "Actually, right now I'm not hungry. Maybe later…" He tried to smile. Thinking about whether the heart could be a human one seemed a bit easier than thinking whether he wanted to know the truth at all. The sure thing was that not enough time had passed for the meat to cool off completely. Will physically desired to throw it

away, as far as possible. However, he couldn't do that to the wendigo who clearly had thought this would be a perfect gift to…

What?

Apologize for the kiss?

Or simply to apologize because he made Will angry even though he might not understand for what?

Will smiled at him once again: *Everything's fine, don't worry…* And fully overwhelmed by the situation, he opened the door without thinking about it any further. Once inside, he realized the dogs were there as well. But with the wendigo on his heels, it was too late to lock them in the safety of the kitchen.

With deep woofing and whining, the dogs started slowly stepping back, until their tails bumped against the wall. The wendigo walked in on all fours. He glanced at the scared animals and slightly rolled his upper lip in a silent hiss. Will watched it in worry but nothing more happened between them. When the dogs didn't try to attack him, the wendigo simply sat on the floor again and began licking blood off his fur. Will let out the breath he didn't realize he had been holding. Then he took the heart to the kitchen, put it into a bowl and placed it in the refrigerator so he could pretend it never existed. The dogs followed him there and finally welcomed their human home, out of the wendigo's reach.

There was no need to keep them separated from the wendigo anymore, as they hadn't shown signs of aggression toward each other – to Will's happiness. After he let the dogs out and fed them, Will returned to the living room. His guest was still cleaning himself, seemingly ignoring the world around. For several minutes, Will watched the wendigo's body bending in impossible angles, the tongue rubbing hair by hair and taking every remain of blood. Later, Will pulled out the Chesapeake Ripper case file from his bag and lay on the bed. He wanted to faithfully read everything, learn more about Hannibal Lecter and who he had been.

If that man once had been his wendigo's human form, such knowledge could help Will understand him better. The doctor himself was described as a sophisticated psychiatrist, always wearing tailored suits, with a huge property portfolio that had been completely confiscated by the FBI after his disappearance…

But Will wasn't able to fully concentrate, a corner of his eye always stuck on the black silhouette in the middle of the room. Until he got caught by the description of the Chesapeake Ripper's murders. Reading about all the bloody details sent chills down his spine. Murderous tableaus and missing organs. No known motives. And cannibalism, of course.

Will startled when long black claws peeked over the rim of the file in his hands and pulled it down to his lap. Once again, he stared closely into these misty eyes. The wendigo knelt in front of him and pressed his palm against his own chest.

"Han-nibal…" he croaked. Then he moved the same palm on Will's chest and waited. However, the man was too amazed to speak right away. Several minutes passed, the wendigo's ears slowly changed their position before Will finally opened his mouth.

"Eeem… Will. My name is… Will," he smiled.

The wendigo huffed, corners of his lips curled, too. "Wiiiill," he repeated and the sound reminded a high pitched howl.

"Yeah," Will breathed out, amused a bit, and cupped wendigo's hand with his own. "…right. What am I gonna do with you, now?" He couldn't really assume this was Hannibal from the file, this wendigo might have simply adjusted the name Will had given him on the porch. If only he could decide at least which possibility seemed better. The wendigo crawled closer, stealing Will's breath as their faces nuzzled together. Will could feel the hard enamel of wendigo's dangerous fangs right behind his lips. So close…

"Everything would be much easier if I were just hallucinating…" he sighed. The smell of blood stayed stuck within the soft fur, rising into Will's nose. It was hard to decide if the chills embracing his innards belonged to fear or… Arousal?

A ringing phone woke him once again. Jack had another body or two with some similarities to the murders around Will's home. The crime scene was only a half-hour ride from there. Will yawned into the phone and promised to come even before his mind had fully woken up. It became a weird pattern for Will – falling asleep with the wendigo nuzzling against him. However, this time the wendigo was gone, the main door opened and wintery air flooding the room. Will shivered and pulled the blanket over his body. Then he recalled what he had just promised to Jack. Against his will, he rose from the bed. The dogs were outside so he called them home. Then he casually washed his face and without eating anything headed toward the crime scene.

Love proposal

Chapter Summary

Beverly doesn't really know what it is - but she totally ships it :)))

***
This fanfic is inspired by Abenaki story about the Water Wendigo as introduced here.

It's finished, I'll try to post 1 chapter a day. I have a few illustrations drawn by some lovely Fannibals, too! (if you want to add more, I'd love it!)

Thank you a lot for being my awesome beta, dear @vinylmurdersuit (twitter) <3

The non-con warning is for a chapter closer to the end, you'll be warned again :)

Chapter Notes

Art by @ninayoshi27 (Twitter) <3

Two bodies, men with opened chests, knelt in the snow as if praying or begging for something. The hands of one seemingly offered an invisible gift, a fishing line wrapped around his exposed heart, with a hook and black lure on its end jabbed deep into the meat. The line led to a rod in the hands of the other man. His heart was missing completely, together with the rest of the innards. Will realized what the wendigo had brought him yesterday and suddenly he understood everything…

"Will! Where's your head?" Jack yelled at him when he stared at the bodies for too long without even blinking. Right, there were other people around, too! Will kneaded his eyes.

"On my pillow, I'm still tired."

"Well, hope this right here wakes you up! What can you tell me about that?!"

"It's… A proposal," Will breathed out.

"You mean a love proposal? Do you think what we have here is a psychopath who fell in love?"

"Yes, there is a lot of love in it. But mainly, an honest surrendering? The one who created this is sending a clear message to someone who is very important to them, but who might have not fully realized how much – till now." Will's eyes closed, he fought to keep his breath and heartbeat even.

"And how will that help me to catch the killer?!" Jack frowned, unhappy.

"That's… I'm not-" *I don't want you to catch him anyway!* Will felt like he was being pushed into a corner. Fortunately, Beverly noticed his troubles

"Hey, Jack! Jimmy said he found something… You should see it." When he left with a sharp nod, she went closer to Will. "Are you okay? You can't concentrate, you seem oddly distrait… I mean; more than usual. I know it's a stupid thing to ask considering that none of us could possibly be

okay doing what we do. But are you okay? And," her forehead shrugged, "have you changed your clothes on the last day?" She teased him with a smirk.

"Well, sorry, ok?! I just…" Will's hands threw up.

"Come on, Will! You should chill a bit." Now, she felt sorry for mentioning the clothes. It was clear that Will was going through some troubles recently. "I tried to make you smile a bit about the clothes… Never mind. You know you can always come to me if something worries you, right?"

"Would you come to me with your worries?"

"I wouldn't." Beverly decided to be absolutely honest. "But I would tell you if you asked me. Return the favor?" Finally, a slight smile appeared on Will's face.

"Yeah. You... Ehmm. Bev, did you ever… Damn, this isn't easy!" He laughed awkwardly and turned his eyes down to the ground under their feet. Beverly waited patiently. "Did you ever consider me as being gay?" Now, it was her who burst out laughing. She grabbed Will's arm and led him aside from the crime scene to ensure that they would have privacy.

"You think because you've never tried to get me into your bed?" She laughed again. But Will wasn't in the mood for jokes so she became more serious, too. "And are you? That's why you are so nervous these days? Don't tell me you fell in love with one of your colleagues," she smirked despite all her effort.

"No, it's… Unfortunately not. I've never thought about myself this way, I wouldn't think it's possible-" Will paused, looked around to be utterly sure no one else was listening. "But now someone appeared in my life and I'm actually not sure what I feel for him but he is very obvious about his feelings for me and… It simply seems like the whole thing is wrong, for many reasons. And I don't know what to do with it. We, practically, we almost don't know each other, but still…" His hands curled in a try to mimic words which his tongue couldn't say right now.

Beverly patted his shoulder with a calming smile. "Does it feel good when you are together?"

"He scares me a bit," Will made a silly face but thought about it further. "It does; very good." Before he could realize it, his cheeks turned red. "Actually, yesterday I fell asleep in his arms, for the second time since we met. It's just something that happened, I have no idea how… That's why I haven't changed my clothes."

Beverly suppressed a long *awww* sound which tried to escape her month. "And with how many people you've felt the same way before?"

"Hm, probably… With no one? Not even similarly," he grinned hesitantly.

"So you know what I'm gonna tell you, right? Knock off what others might think, all possible prejudices, assumptions… Gosh, Will! Once in your life do yourself a favor! Get to know each other – and if it doesn't work then, well, you can always break up with him. But if it does, don't you dare not to invite me to the wedding!" She laughed and Will finally joined her. Imagining the wendigo in a wedding suit cracked him up.

Yet, he wasn't very sure about the breakup part, whether it would be that easy. But there was a lot of truth in Beverly's words. Despite the thought of having a sexual relationship with Hannibal still

seemed too weird to be even considered… That wasn't the question, right? They could just be together in a way that suited their mutual needs – whatever that meant. He thanked Beverly for being a huge help and decided to return home. Despite Jack not being very happy, he agreed Will had nothing more to offer to this particular case, anyway.

The way might be short but thoughtful. With a hint of betrayal toward his own values, Will realized that he wasn't angry or scared about the bodies. He rather accepted it as a gesture that he nearly adored. In its own way, it was beautiful. And the other dead people in the forest? Will found himself much more tolerant to deaths caused by the wendigo than to casual murders. Not because they knew each other, or not only because of that. It simply felt like something that predators do in nature, something natural. However, the undeniable human heart in his refrigerator didn't seem that natural. Will had to figure out what to do with it before someone else discovered it in there…

Love Goes Through The Stomach

Chapter Summary

Maybe it's the time for a proper kiss...
...or maybe not :)))

***
This fanfic is inspired by Abenaki story about the Water Wendigo as introduced here.

It's finished, I'll try to post 1 chapter a day. I have a few illustrations drawn by some lovely Fannibals, too! (if you want to add more, I'd love it!)

Thank you a lot for being my awesome beta, dear @vinylmurdersuit (twitter) <3

The non-con warning is for a chapter closer to the end, you'll be warned again :)

The front door was open when Will's car stopped in front of the house. He couldn't recall if he had locked it. His dogs sat outside and welcomed him with wagging tails. Will subconsciously expected to find the wendigo inside when they didn't follow him in. Hannibal was in the kitchen, walking in circles in front of the refrigerator – like a too-big animal trapped in a too-small cage. Once he spotted Will watching him from the door stamp, he went down on all fours. Claws of his left hand scratched down the refrigerator and left silver marks behind. The wendigo was angry and Will understood why. But how does one calm down a beast like this? Will slowly reached for the back of wendigo's hand, cupped it with his palm, and pulled off of the refrigerator door. Then he could take the heart out while the wendigo was huffing aloud. Will navigated them both to sit down on the floor, face to face.

"Today, I saw what you did… It's a gift of your heart and you want me to accept it. You…" Will looked up into wendigo's eyes and knew he was right. "You never expected me to share the catch with you. It had been nothing but a game, I should have become just another meal on your menu, but then something changed. You've changed – and the way you looked at me. You don't want to be alone anymore and now you are afraid that the fact I still didn't eat the heart means refusal. But that's not true! I'll do it but…" Will smiled nervously. "I want us to eat it together." He overcame himself and actually bit into the cold bloody thing lying in his palm. What a disgusting feeling! But the wendigo bit down from the other side a moment later, wrapping long fingers around Will's wrist. And as Will hoped, the beast's hunger won and Hannibal finished the heart himself, licking the remains of its blood from Will's fingers.

Because there was nothing to wait for, Will cupped the wendigo's face with both hands. He leaned closer and for the first time, kissed Hannibal properly. It seemed like a good idea, considering the situation and his talk with Beverly. However, his action threw the wendigo off his balance.

Without any warning, he pushed Will away and ran out of the house. That made Will feel like a piece of shit again. Did he make a stupid mistake?! Wasn't that what his beautiful monster hoped for?

For several days after, the wendigo did not cross his path and Will started to worry that he might be gone forever…

It hadn't changed until one cold midnight when faint scratching on the front door woke Will up. He practically flew out of the bed, smashing the door open in a heartbeat. The wendigo lay on his porch, bleeding. A terrible chill clutched Will's whole body. He went to his knees quickly and started checking on the injury. Not a single warning about being careful around a wounded wild animal ever crossed his mind.

There was a wire cut deep in the flesh, just up from the wendigo's hoof. It seemed painful. Clearly, it was a rabbit snare. The wendigo had torn it from the ground along with the wood that it had been tied to but his claws made it impossible to release the leg from it. These snares, Will always hated them! Not only rabbits had to die in a terrible way when caught by one, also many bigger animals might get injured easily, lose their paws, for example… Although Will wasn't sure it was the best thing to do, he pushed the noose open. Once the wire moved in the wendigo's wound, he hissed and snapped at Will. But his eyes widened in recognition before he could really cause any harm. The wendigo's foot bled and the creature shivered.

"It's okay, Hannibal," Will caressed his tensed calf. "It's gonna be alright!" Then he stood up and reached his hand to Hannibal. "Come here, I'll help you inside and take care of the wound," *as much as I can* , Will added. It was a shame that he couldn't simply take the wendigo to a hospital or veterinary clinic. For a while he considered whether calling Beverly for help was an option. It would be better if someone checked on the wound for possible vein, tendon, and nerve damage. But she wouldn't understand this, despite how much she would like to. Beverly was too clean a soul to befriend or accept a human-eater. Therefore, Will let him lay on his bed and disinfected the injury before wrapping a newly-opened bandage around his whole foot. Hannibal carefully watched every single move but didn't make a sound or an attempt to attack anymore. Only after Will finished he let out a thin whine. It sounded heartbreaking.

"I'm sorry this happened to you," Will whispered and lay down alongside the wendigo. His body tensed then relaxed a bit as Will's fingers ran through the fur around his ear. "I missed you… Sorry for anything I've done that made you leave." Will paused as the wendigo leaned against him and began to purr. "You should stay here… Ehmmm, I mean at least until your foot gets better, or longer… As you wish."

"Wiiiiill," the wendigo howled right before his long black tongue licked the single tear of happiness from his man's cheek. It was delicious.

As he spent more time under the roof of Will's house the wendigo learned how to use some of Will's things – like the toilet, for example. After only two days the dogs had gotten used to the wendigo's presence and Hannibal himself become fond of nuzzling with them. For the first time in Will's life, he felt the sting of jealousy because of that. Fortunately, he learned to ignore that irrational feeling or simply steal the wendigo's attention for himself if the feeling became too

intense. After a week, only a tiny scar on Hannibal's foot remained of what happened to him – but he hadn't left. Will considered each day of his presence as a gift and dared to hope it might last forever. He just couldn't imagine falling asleep without the big soft body nuzzling against his anymore…

Too late

Chapter Summary

Things are getting more intimate...

And we're getting to the non-con/rape area.
You've been warned :)

***
This fanfic is inspired by Abenaki story about the Water Wendigo as introduced here.

It's finished, I'll try to post 1 chapter a day. I have a few illustrations drawn by some lovely Fannibals, too! (if you want to add more, I'd love it!)

Thank you a lot for being my awesome beta, dear @vinylmurdersuit (twitter)

The non-con warning is for chapter 21 and 22! (plus it's time to time mentioned/referenced in following chapters)

Chapter Notes

Art by @callmenephila (Twitter), not made for the fic but fitting, beautiful & allowed to use <3

The day when everything was destined to change, Will brought Hannibal a suit. He simply spotted it in a secondhand shop window for a surprisingly low price and thought about those old photos of Hannibal Lecter he had seen in the case file. The idea has been to bring it home and see if the thing would help to gather up some memories. Will even remembered several stories in which wendigos became human beings again… Not that Will was sure he would have appreciated such a thing.

His wendigo took it as a funny game. He sat on the floor and tried to get himself into the suit immediately. However, when his hooves got stuck in the pants and not even several pulls helped, all the fun suddenly disappeared. Will couldn't recall if he had seen Hannibal angry and distressed like that ever before. He let out a deep roar, then tore the fabric into pieces with his claws and teeth, heavily panting on all fours.

"Well, I'm sorry. This was a stupid idea…" Will gasped as the situation calmed down, at least a little bit. He should have expected this outcome, shouldn't he? With loud wheezing the wendigo turned toward Will, his chest rising up and falling down rapidly. He grabbed a sleeve of Will's shirt between points of two claws and pulled on it slightly. Immediately, Hannibal snarled, then repeated the move more urgently. A small hole appeared under his claws. Will understood that the wendigo suddenly was mad at every piece of clothing around and that he wished Will to take off his own as well. He got the feeling that Hannibal would have torn it off of him if he didn't act fast enough…

"You want me to undress?" Will rather asked because that wasn't something he wanted to do right now and here. But the wendigo nodded which drew a long sigh out of him. The claws tugged on his shirt again. "Okay, okay! I'll do it, but I'll do it myself! Claws off! I kinda like this shirt," Will laughed when the wendigo hurried to step aside. He folded everything up on a nearby chair and sweated nervously as he stood there only in his underwear. The wendigo's eyes focused on his boxers and the beast growled his unhappiness.

"Ohmygod, seriously?!"

Raising his claws was the clearest answer the wendigo could have given him. Will spontaneously took a step backward.

"Fine, whatever, just…" He stretched out his palm against the claws. Will wondered why he hasn't said no right away instead of stripping himself. As he stood there completely naked, hands crossed over his crotch, he felt really weird and awkward. But the wendigo seemed happy, trying to perform one of his creepy teeth-full smiles.

Well, there is no need to feel like this , Will tried to lull himself. *After all, Hannibal was naked the whole time!*

Hannibal finally lifted up from the floor, straightened himself on his hooves in front of Will. The man looked into his black face and before any thought reached Will's mind, the wendigo kissed him. It was a real, deep kiss; although a bit unsure. No licking, no accident this time. Will sighed in surprise and pleasure, rising up on his toes to get closer. As Will's fingers locked around the burrs of the wendigo's antlers, he pushed their bodies closer and Will almost melted in the silk softness which suddenly surrounded him.

It wasn't until their lips parted that Will realized their groins were pressed together as well and the pressure in his flanks grew unbearable. He blushed so much that even the wendigo stared at his face, probably trying to understand the change of Will's coloring. Getting a little more space between them, Will shed all of his self-control and reached between their bodies to close them both in his heating palm. He felt how the wendigo tensed under the touch. Something in his eyes changed and it seemed almost terrifying, dangerous. Still, Will moved the hand in several slow strokes.

"It's all right," he moaned after realizing that it had probably been a long time since someone had touched Hannibal like this. Deep growling kept escaping the wendigo's throat, so Will continued with the same calming tone: "It's new for me as well…" His hand kept moving up and down, gently, not forcing anything to happen too fast. "But I like it. And you?" Will panted while the wendigo reminded a statue. Words flew around him like void noises, his hands convulsively clutched around Will's shoulders. For a single instant Will thought that maybe he should stop right

at that moment. What if his companion actually didn't want to do this? But he felt so close to something indescribable, he simply couldn't-

And then it was too late.

To die tonight

Chapter Summary

The non-con from ch. 22 escalated quickly as you probably expected.

There's sex, There's blood. There're tears.

There is a lot of suffering.

***
This fanfic is inspired by Abenaki story about the Water Wendigo as introduced here.

It's finished, I'll try to post 1 chapter a day. I have a few illustrations drawn by some lovely Fannibals, too! (if you want to add more, I'd love it!)

Thank you a lot for being my awesome beta, dear @vinylmurdersuit (twitter)

The non-con warning is for chapter 21 and 22! (plus it's time to time mentioned/referenced in following chapters)

The wendigo grabbed him and smashed his body against the bed as if he was just another piece of fabric. Or a doll. Will gasped for breath, as all the air was knocked out of his lungs. Before he could catch it, the beast was behind him and pushed him deep into the sheets. The wendigo wedged between his knees, despite Will's surprised protests.

Too fast , he thought.

Will felt the sharp claws digging into his buttocks and soon, something else was added. A pressure where no one had ever touched him. Certainly not this way. Swiftly, Will understood what was about to happen. But it seemed impossible to do that like this, without any preparation; even if Will would like to do so – which he wasn't entirely sure about.

"Wait, not this. Slow down!" He panted. Because it looked like the wendigo didn't hear him, Will twisted and tried to wrench himself out. But all he achieved was a loud growl. The wendigo’s palm on his upper back pressed him down again. He couldn't fight the strength behind him. "Please, stop it-!" His hopeless yell died in other gasps for air when the wendigo's tongue slipped inside of him – so deep! – and left ominous wetness behind. "Ohmygod! Please, don’t…" he sobbed. Will's eyes shut tightly as he prayed, hoping this was just another nightmare. But it wasn't; and the painful burn tearing him apart pervaded further as the beast forced himself back into Will. But this time not with his tongue.

For a minute his heart forgot how to beat, the time slowed. His body couldn't spread enough to accept what was coming and something definitely tore. Will thought he feels a stream of blood

flowing down his thigh but it suddenly didn't matter when the hand on his back curled up. Its claws sunk into his skin as the wendigo's palm wandered down the spine, leaving a deep trace behind each finger. Will felt his skin rift and new blood flowed from the wounds. He cried out but all his *pleases* fell on deaf ears. The only thing the wendigo could hear now were voices of desire - hunger. By the time, motions of the beast behind Will found a regular rhythm, it felt like burning inside.

Once again, he tried to free himself; *run!* But claws sunk deep in his thighs and two strong arms pulled his body back. The pressure in his guts eased for a while just to return even worse. The next thrust was hard and didn't stop until Will's torn thighs bumped against the wendigo's lap. At least now, he couldn't go deeper. Tears of helplessness escaped Will's eyes as the rhythm of wendigo's movements increased while his claws kept scratching Will's body.

Climax hit Will like the last slap of shame, because all of this stopped being pleasant a long time ago. His orgasm turned Will into a boneless pile of flesh which continued shaking under the wendigo's violent thrusts. The inner friction became unbearable each time Will thought it couldn't get any worse. Feelings of pain and embarrassment seemingly kicked him out of his own body. He didn't fight anymore, just lay there, accepting everything and anything, crying in complete silence.

In his surprisingly clear mind, Will kept asking himself whether he was going to die tonight and whether he would even mind it at this point.

The beast moved faster again and Will could feel him bend over his body. But he didn't care. Nothing mattered anymore – until a new surge of pain spread across him. The wendigo just bit down on Will's side, sharp fangs sinking deep into his tortured flesh. That has woken up new resistance in the broken man. With one hand pushing against the wendigo's shoulder, Will screamed his name, the one he gave him.

"HANNIBAL!"

His knuckles turned white and punched hard at the wendigo's collar bone. "Enough, please!" And Will's words died in another rush of tears.

However, something changed. As if the wendigo realized just now what was happening, he stilled without a single motion. Only his eyes turned to find these of Will. Hannibal recognized all the pain he caused in them. And also something beneath it…

Betrayal.

Not simple sadness over broken promises they had never made to each other. It was Will's trust that there existed a beautiful being inside of the wendigo, worthy of Will's ultimate love, which got broken. Shattered and smashed into the dirt. And in contrast to the physical wounds, this one might never be healed. The wendigo let out a silent whine, it vibrated through the piece of meat between his teeth. Gradually, the muscles in Hannibal's clenched jaws relaxed. He opened his mouth and released Will's flesh. Blood filled the teeth marks immediately but the wendigo didn't wait to see it flow. Quickly, he slipped out of Will's beaten body. With a high pitched howl he ran away, out of the house, not looking back or slowing down after he entered the nearest edge of the forest.

Once Will remained alone in the bed, his silent crying became louder. The dogs finally ventured closer, led by Winston who hesitantly licked the fingers of Will's hand hanging over the bed edge. Will shivered before he realized whose tongue that was. He couldn't recall where the dogs were the whole time till now, but he was grateful that they hadn't tried to save him. The wendigo would have killed them in a single blow and Will would be alone now…

The dogs stayed down, the smell of blood and the wendigo's dominance kept them away from the bed. It took at least a quarter of an hour till Will turned on his unbitten side. Pain and coldness became his whole world. He couldn't save himself, but maybe that was just fine. What would his life be after today, anyway? With a trembling hand he pulled a blanket over his faint body and that was it. Even such a small movement felt like pure torture.

He decided not to move ever again.

Not to think.

Not to live.

Not to love…

Just cry and maybe sleep until everything would be over.

Maybe I could bleed out?

Suffering, the old friend

Chapter Summary

Will obviously can't die - which means he has to live with what happened.

And the real life is knocking on his door...

***
This fanfic is inspired by Abenaki story about the Water Wendigo as introduced here.

It's finished, I'll try to post 1 chapter a day. I have a few illustrations drawn by some lovely Fannibals, too! (if you want to add more, I'd love it!)

Thank you a lot for being my awesome beta, dear @vinylmurdersuit (twitter)

The non-con warning is for chapter 21 and 22! (plus it's time to time mentioned/referenced in following chapters)

Chapter Notes

Art by le-wendigogo (Tumblr).

A loud yowl threw him out of sleep.

That animal screeched for several seconds until everything in the world silenced again. Will had no idea when he fell asleep or why he had to wake up. The harsh cry seemed like it was coming from outside but it might have been only inside of his head. He felt like he could use a good scream. Actually, one was perched just under his chin. Instead, he sighed and the small movement of his rib cage sent a fresh burst of pain through his body.

Hello, suffering, my old friend…

He knew the mattress under him was soaked with blood, he could smell it everywhere and feel sticky sheets wrapped around his limbs. The front door was still open, letting the cold wind in. But Will couldn't force himself to do anything about it. Even to lie and stare at the scared faces of his dogs seemed too much.

You fool!

You shouldn't have expected anything better when playing with a wendigo! Actually, you should have died much earlier…

The familiar clicking sound of hooves on the wooden floor tore the train of Will's thoughts apart. The wendigo came back to finish it. Kill him. Eat him. Will didn't bother to do that little move required to face his executioner. He couldn't care less. Death was welcomed if it would send the pain away.

The dogs woofed, snarled, tucked their tails between their legs and backed off from the bed. The beast creeped closer with his lingering steps. Drops of dark blood were silently falling from his fur. At the foot of the bed he dropped something, its wet flop sent chills down Will's spine but not even that forced him to move. What worse could possibly happen yet? Maybe tomorrow, tomorrow he would fight. But not now.

Will's apathy forced a growl of desperation out of the wendigo. Several more steps and his long legs loomed into Will's view. The man skipped a breath when the beast crouched on his heels to finally see into Will's face. Pressing claws against the floor, Hannibal opened his mouth to let out one long wailing cry. It sounded too much as Will's name to be just a coincidence. But no sign of recognition appeared on Will's face. Hannibal took some air in through his nostrils and repeated in the tiniest pouring voice he could ever make:

"Wiiiill!"

However, nothing changed at all. The wendigo rose and bowed over Will, who forgot how to breathe once again. He felt as the black fingers curled over the rim of his blanket and pulled it away. To stop a wild cry, Hannibal bit his own lip when he saw what mess he had left behind.

Poor human, I've almost killed him!

The wendigo climbed on Will's bed, behind him, and carefully placed his palm on the torn skin of Will's shoulder. Gently. It was like a touch of wind. He purred his man's name again. Will shivered. His body tensed when the wendigo bowed closer, slowly pressing his rough tongue against a scratch on Will's scapula. He started licking the dry blood off Will's skin while muscles tensed under each of his gentle touches. Every time the tongue brushed over a pulsing wound Will's view darkened, breath got stuck in his throat. But he did not say anything against it, not a word slipped from his lips. Until Hannibal got very close to the most burning place. Then, Will burst into new tears.

"Please, don't, not again…" he whispered through sobbing noises. The wendigo's heart squeezed as his tongue moved down Will's thighs quickly. After Will was mostly clean, Hannibal lay beside him. Silent, with a slight distance, ignoring his own pain. Despite the never-ending ringing of Will's phone, they fell asleep like that.

The next morning came with a hesitant knock on the front door. Will opened his tired eyes to find out he curled up in the wendigo's arms in his sleep. Chill crawled down his spine but in the first moment he felt no pain – only the softness of fur underneath, warmth. They stared at one another in complete silence, afraid to let out even a breath. Before anything else could happen, the knock repeated.

"Will, are you in there?" Beverly's voice called him. Will turned his head toward the voice harshly and gasped from the sudden splash of pain. "Are you alright? Looks like there is some blood on the porch, and the door… I'm coming in, okay?" The ajar door slightly moved forward which made the wendigo hiss, bare his teeth. Will's hand impulsively flew out to cover Hannibal's mouth, just in time to stop a loud snarl. He felt it vibrate through his flesh and bones. The dogs were still pressed against the opposite wall, didn't dare to move and welcome their unexpected guest. *Which was good because otherwise they would have opened the door and Beverly would now see all the bloody mess around a monster which shouldn't be even real.*

"Beverly, wait, don't!" The door stopped. "Don't come in, I… I'm not dressed, at all!" Will himself was surprised how believable the lie sounded, how strange his voice was… After yesterday, when he decided not to say anything ever again.

"Oh, sure, I'll wait then." She backed off to the porch and the door followed her. "But we have to talk, so you better get civilized soon!" she laughed. The speed with which Will jumped out of the bed caused his whole body to flood with excruciating pain again. Already formed scabs split and cracked in the long gashes and he almost let out a cry of desperation as the memories of yesterday finally kicked in with their full strength. All the feelings of helplessness, humiliation and betrayal were written in Will's eyes when he looked back at Hannibal. Silently, Will gestured toward him to go hide upstairs. The wendigo didn't wait any longer and disappeared.

Will gasped when he passed around him but remained still to not show any vulnerability. He knew how to fight pain of the body, the pain in his heart seemed worse today. Once Will was in the room only with his dogs, he had to hiss at them to keep them away from the door.

Hello, World!

Chapter Summary

What did Wil think? You can't fool Beverly this simply...
Now, the only question is, how much will you let her know?

***

This fanfic is inspired by Abenaki story about the Water Wendigo as introduced here.

It's finished, I'll try to post 1 chapter a day. I have a few illustrations drawn by some lovely Fannibals, too! (if you want to add more, I'd love it!)

Thank you a lot for being my awesome beta, dear @vinylmurdersuit (twitter)

The non-con warning is for chapter 21 and 22! (plus it's time to time mentioned/referenced in following chapters)

Too soon!

Before he could allow Beverly in, he had to hide more than just the monster in his bed. First of all, he grabbed the clothes folded on the near table and started dressing up himself, slowly. The outside coldness permeated his house, Will's hands shivered without the warmth of another body underneath. Every scratch on his skin protested when the rough fabric touched it but there was no time for self pity. While pulling his trousers up, with a corner of his eye Will noticed that thing the wendigo had dropped next to the bed yesterday. His pupils dilated as he comprehended what it was. But he had no time for staring. Soon, he realized the whole bed is full of blood. Quickly, Will kicked the thing under the bed and covered his sheets with a clean grey blanket. Pulling his sleeves thoroughly down toward his wrists and brushing hair over the wounds on his nape, Will was finally prepared. At least, as much as possible – in this situation. His red puffy eyes and the bags under them were there still. On his way to the door, Will tried to spread drops of the dark blood which had dropped from the wendigo as he returned last night. Barefoot, in yesterday's clothes, he finally stepped into the doorway.

"So, hello!" Will tried to smile, although he didn't feel it. "What are you doing here?"

"Don't look so surprised and invite me in!" Gently, she pushed him aside, not actually waiting for the invitation. Will's dogs finally ran toward her petting hands. Beverly enjoyed such a welcome. While she was distracted, Will did his best to hide the pain she unknowingly caused him by the innocent touch.

"Dammit," she sighed even before turned back to Will. "I kinda hoped you were hiding that mysterious boyfriend of yours!" Beverly frowned but her lips were smiling. "Because otherwise I don't understand why aren't you answering your phone! Jack was about to go crazy! We drew straws for who was gonna check on you!" Finally, she turned, sparks of fun burning in her eyes. Just so she could meet Will's eyes, full of nascent tears. All the joy disappeared from her face. "Oh my god, I'm sorry! No stupid straws were drawn, I offered myself because… Are you okay?" She made several steps toward Will. "What happened? You know you can tell me anything!" Beverly tried to pat his shoulder but he slipped out with a gasp of pain. Several tears already rolled down his cheeks. "Don't you want to sit down?" she offered, then sniffed the air. She has been smelling something strange for a while. "Why am I smelling blood?!"

"No, that's, I… I'd rather stand." Will swallowed the tears. "Blood, yes, it's, I was gutting some fish last night and the dogs jumped on me while taking the blood outside to pour it… There'll be some drops on the floor but I was too tired to clean it yesterday. You know, I wasn't expecting a guest." He tried to raise the corners of his mouth again.

"Well, forget the blood and tell me what happened! Someone hurt you? Your mysterious boyfriend?!" She immediately switched into the protective mood.

"No, Bev, that's silly…" However, his lower lip started shivering. She continued to hypnotize him with her still eyes which brought back memories and more tears. "No-nothing happened," he broke the look. "I just need some time without the FBI, without Jack…"

Her sight hardened. "Okay, so it shouldn't be a problem to sit down and show me your shoulder, right?"

"For god's sake, Beverly!" Will yelled of desperation. "Fine! Yes, something happened! Are you happy, now, that you know?!"

She lifted up on her toes and pressed a soft kiss against Will's forehead. "How could I be?! It feels like my fault! I gave you that stupid advice and now… What did he do? Did he punch you?!"

"No… Bev, I beg you, screw it. You can't understand what- In addition, it's probably my mistake, too. I underestimated certain aspects and... Just..." He sobbed. Beverly wanted to say something but Will stopped her. "If you simply could apologize to Jack for me and tell him I won't be able to help him now. I think maybe next week I might be available again." Will knew he probably wouldn't be completely fine but how long would his boss be able or willing to wait?

"That's about six days, Will! Seriously, what has he done to you?! If you need, I don't know, to go to a hospital… I'll be discreet, I swear on my life!" She immediately raised her right hand to make an oath and pretended a smile. Thinking about it, Will realized it wasn't a bad idea to let someone treat his wounds professionally. Although, how would he explain what happened to him?

"That's fine, I don't need a doctor, really. What I need is some time alone to think about everything. I'm sure Jack can survive six days on his own… Or I might leave FBI entirely if this is going to be a problem! So now, go, please!" Will clearly implied he didn't want her to stay any longer. The fact made Beverly sigh.

"Okay… But you have to promise to call me immediately if you will need literally anything." With a bit too fast nod Will followed her to the door. For the last time she turned to him. "And stop thinking it's your fault in any way! You can do better than this cliché!"

"Goodbye, Bev!" He growled and tried to close the door. However, something must have broken when the wendigo run away the last night. Will would love to simply press his back against the wood and fall down to the cold floor. But in his current situation, it would only cause him more pain. Instead, he called his dogs closer. Will allowed their fluffy fur and gentle touches to return him a bit of comfort. Overcoming the pain in his legs, Will knelt to them. After about ten minutes of nuzzling and petting, he let them sit. There still was an image of the thing he had kicked under the bed on his mind. Was it really what he thought it was? Will couldn't think clearly, like if someone hit a huge drum in his skull and the sound now kept running around it in never-ending echoes. He reached for the thing, a wet piece of… *Meat?*

The Haze

Chapter Summary

Oh, the empathy... Will can't help himself. And so, what to do with the wendigo?

Is it easier to forgive or forget?

***

This fanfic is inspired by Abenaki story about the Water Wendigo as introduced here.

It's finished, I'll try to post 1 chapter a day. I have a few illustrations drawn by some lovely Fannibals, too! (if you want to add more, I'd love it!)

Thank you a lot for being my awesome beta, dear @vinylmurdersuit (twitter)

The non-con warning is for chapter 21 and 22! (plus it's time to time mentioned/referenced in following chapters)

Having it in front of his eyes once again, he knew exactly what that was. He had seen it before, during the case of Elliot Budiš… Will's palms started trembling under it, a chill crawled down his spine. This shouldn't be an apology, no; what the wendigo had done was unapologetic and he probably knew it. However, it resembled a penance that Will wouldn't ever think about. It seemed hard to even imagine anyone sane doing it to themselves. But then again, the wendigo wasn't simply anyone. It was obvious he had done it himself, by his own hands and claws.

Oh god…

Will startled when a feeling of someone else's presence hit him from behind. Of course, the wendigo stood there, staring. How did he get there and when? Will couldn't remember hearing his hooves on the stairs or anywhere else. Quickly, he lifted up, fully turned around, and stepped back. Until his thighs bumped into the bed edge. It seemed impossible to catch a breath. He ended up trapped between the worst place in the world and the one who had made it to be so. Yet, Will managed to stretch out his trembling hand with the piece of wendigo's body.

"Why have you done this?! You could hurt yourself- I mean, more than you wanted to…" he blurted out, still under the haze of the surprise and fear. The beast made several slow steps closer. He lowered a bit to see directly into Will's face and closed Will's fingers around the dead meat together with his own. Will fought the urge to cry and run away.

"Wiiiiiill!" howled Hannibal. Then his lips moved just silently, as if unable to find or pronounce the right words. After several failed attempts he finally spoke again: "Atsiprašau. Wiiiill!" By

then, not only Will's hand trembled but his whole body. The wendigo was so close again, still somewhat dangerous. And the memories couldn't just disappear…

Although Will didn't understand the word, he knew Hannibal felt sorry and this was his way to show it. He decided to make it clear to Will and also himself that last night's events wouldn't ever repeat. Unwillingly, Will's mind ran out of his own head and reached toward Hannibal. And suddenly he simply… Understood? He knew why it happened and what both of them had done wrong. He could see yesterday again, through different eyes.

Will is touching me the way he shouldn't. Not now. Not yet. It's too soon, I'm not prepared. And hungry, still so hungry… But I can't stop him. I had been alone for so long and his touch is so warm! No, not only down there, mostly in the heart, my heart which was only a piece of ice until he changed everything… His breath on my mane, fingers of his other hand hooked on my antler. His smell, stronger and closer than ever before! It's growing inside me, I'm losing control. I know it but I can't fight it. Or maybe I could, but I don't want to. Not anymore. I want him, need him, have to take him! To be inside him, no… Devour him. Take everything that he can offer – and then even more. Everything. And don't let him run away! Taste his blood, tear his meat, and break bones. Hear him pray and yell and cry! Eat him whole, until nothing remains…

The desires behind these thoughts were intense and darker than Will was able to imagine. Instincts that Will has never known but the wendigo had to fight them each day since they have gotten closer to one another. Yesterday evening, it hadn't been Will whom the wendigo pinned down. It had been only another prey writhing under his claws – no matter what closer relationship they might have formed. Will had become fodder for all of the wendigo's senses. The pleasure that could only culminate with a torn throat. But then he had heard his name. The name of a man he had been in the past – from the mouth of the one who was Will for him. The haze in front of his eyes had dissolved and Hannibal saw what he had done. He couldn't have stayed any longer nor let it happen ever again. But he couldn't simply leave Will, either. Therefore, he had made sure to never again lose self-control because of these long-forgotten sexual instincts getting awakened ever again.

Will's trembling got worse as he slowly returned to himself. Streams of tears trickled down his cheeks and his torn legs could no longer bear him. The wendigo let go of Will's hand just in time to stop his fall. Anything that yet remained uncrushed in his palm now ended up back on the floor. For a while, Hannibal simply stared at his face and tightly closed eyelids. As if Will never again wanted to face the world behind them. Until he felt a touch of the wendigo's claw tip on his forehead and the smooth brush of finger pad wiping his tears. A soft deep sound, a sort of combination of purr and coo, escaped the wendigo's throat. Will's eyes finally opened as he intertwined his shaking fingers with the wendigo's.

"Maybe we could forget yesterday? Simply pretend it never happened?" whispered Will, hesitantly. That was what he wished the most but had no idea whether he would be truly able to do so. What had happened was too deep for a simple wish… Instead of answering, the wendigo licked Will's salty face. Will shook for the last time before he swallowed all remaining tears. "And, actually," a sigh. "What about you, how do you feel? You must be in pain…"

Hannibal blew a raspberry. *It doesn't matter* . "Wiiill?" he asked immediately about the only one who did matter to him. Will had no idea why he was doing it but he managed to fake a smile. He raised his hand toward the wendigo's lips, tightly pressed together. Sharp long fangs jutting beneath the skin pressed back against Will's fingertips.

"I'll heal up. It might have been much worse…"

The gift and curse of empathy

Chapter Summary

Forgiveness is never easy but... :)

***
This fanfic is inspired by Abenaki story about the Water Wendigo as introduced here.

It's finished, I'll try to post 1 chapter a day. I have a few illustrations drawn by some lovely Fannibals, too! (if you want to add more, I'd love it!)

Thank you a lot for being my awesome beta, dear @vinylmurdersuit (twitter)

The non-con warning is for chapter 21 and 22! (plus it's time to time mentioned/referenced in following chapters)

That day the wendigo didn't leave Will's house. He sat in a corner and watched each of Will's slow moves. Silent, like an obsidian statue. Then Will disappeared upstairs and sounds of rushing water fulfilled the house. Will spent there more time than would be appropriate even for a bath – he didn't leave until he ran out of warm water. When he returned downstairs, the wendigo was still there. With a painful sigh, Will decided to keep himself busy with all of yesterday's mess, trying his best to not think about what was behind all the blood, broken door… And when the evening came, he had to lay in that bed again.

With new sheets, the smell of blood withdrew and Will decided he could sleep there, after all. Hopefully… But when he lay down, his wounds burned up as they did this morning. Lying on his stomach didn't help either, even the blanket was too rough on his damaged skin. And the partially repaired door hadn't stopped the cold wind flowing inside. Will kicked the blanket away and shivered with an angry moan. A tear slid down his cheek before he realized someone was standing right beside the bed. The wendigo had moved from his place and now stared at him from a spot so close it gave Will even more chills.

"What are you doing?" There was a sign of fear in his voice. Hannibal let out a soft sound, then carefully lay next to Will whose body tensed for an instant. However, he could immediately feel the warmth radiating from his monstrous companion. The tension faded as Will leaned closer. "Can I…?" Hannibal said nothing, only tapped on his chest and puffed. With a notable hesitation, Will moved his suffering body onto the wendigo's, and buried his face into the soft fluffy hairs. No need to lie, it felt much better than the rough bed. Soon, his cold fingers began rubbing the fur as if it was the most natural thing to do. Meanwhile, the wendigo's hands remained still alongside his body. Under the weight of memories, he was too afraid to even slightly move. Afraid any movement would scare Will away – for the night or forever…

"Guess I shouldn't have forgiven you this fast," Will mumbled, already melting in the wendigo's warmth. "But how could I be angry when I can see you when I know what…" instead of finishing the sentence, he sighed. "Everything would be easier if we were the same." The body under him moved which startled Will a bit. Lifting himself on his stretched arms, Will looked into the wendigo's face. Hannibal's hand sneaked between them and spread over Will's chest, where it could feel his beating heart.

"Will… Hannibal… Same…" the beast groaned with a hoarse voice. Will couldn't stop a kind quirk of his lips. Carefully, he took the hand and connected his palm with the wendigo's. Will's human hand seemed small and soft in comparison to Hannibal's one.

"I meant it a little differently," yet he was glad that they are equal in Hannibal's eyes. The wendigo viewed their conjoined hands before he gave Will a nod of understanding. "And… Is it possible? What would I have to do? You were a human before, right? Our bodies are so weak." His sight slid toward a scratch on his forearm. Rather than bringing back these memories, Will lay down again. He felt so warm on Hannibal's chest – and despite all logic, safe as well. When he let go of the wendigo's hand, Will didn't place it back into the sheets. Instead, he put it on his own back. Hannibal forgot to breathe as he gently rubbed Will's wounds – one after another. "Being together like this makes me think… I'm considering what else could be real? Vampires? Werewolves? …what I could become to be a match for you. To stop looking like a snack for every part of you and become truly equal…" The wendigo let out a strange deep noise; disgruntlement, as far as Will could guess. "You don't like that idea?" Will laughed, a little tired. "I don't want to end up as a crazy old man, sitting on his porch, hoping that you'll return to him and see in him what you've seen before… Despite he is too weak to look for you himself or to catch you some fish anymore. Hoping that for you I still mean more than a piece of old dry meat… Unless you lose patience with me much earlier and so one nice day you let the hunger win."

"Wiiiill!" the wendigo wailed in a tiny voice.

Sure, Will might be looking too far into the future. However, if one was willing to make such a sacrifice for someone, they shouldn't want to leave anytime soon, right? And in a moment of self-sincerity, Will had to admit that he wished them to stay together as long as possible. But from Hannibal Lecter's file, it seemed clear that wendigo lives were much longer than humans'. If they would ever get older – they might have been eternal as well. And then there was the thing about hunger. Despite Hannibal's self-control, a part of him always saw Will as prey, food. And Will knew he wasn't anything else. As even past events proved, he wouldn't be able to save himself if Hannibal's hunger would once again win over his… Love? None of them yet dared to name the feelings which tied them together. Wouldn't a fatal attraction fit them better?

Thinking about it, Will wouldn't miss anyone and anything in his new life. Only his dogs, but they got used to wendigo's presence and so, maybe, they would be able to stay with him. Sometimes, he might recall Beverly or others from the lab team, Alana… But would he truly miss them? Will raised his head to look into wendigo's face once again.

No. I wouldn't. "Can we talk about it, tomorrow? For real…" Instead of an answer, Hannibal's claws gripped on his dark curls. Will smiled and pressed a soft kiss on wendigo's collarbone. Short fur tickled his nostrils. "Good night."

Love bite

Chapter Summary

Beverly is back and this time, she's not alone... You may be in trouble, Will!

***
This fanfic is inspired by Abenaki story about the Water Wendigo as introduced here.

It's finished, I'll try to post 1 chapter a day. I have a few illustrations drawn by some lovely Fannibals, too! (if you want to add more, I'd love it!)

Thank you a lot for being my awesome beta, dear @vinylmurdersuit (twitter)

The non-con warning is for chapter 21 and 22! (plus it's time to time mentioned/referenced in following chapters)

His next morning wasn't much better than the last one. He was woken up by Jack Crawford who busted through the door and invaded his home. Beverly was right behind, doing her best to stop him.

"Jack! You can't just- I'm sure Will-"

"Stop it, Beverly!" Jack yelled at her so loud it caused painful echoes in Will's ears. "And you have something to explain to me, William!" They both silenced when they got closer to the bed. Will was alone, however, his purely covered body showed them some scratches and the bite on his side. Will's eyes half-opened, full of confusion they narrowed against the light coming in through the windows behind these unwanted guests.

"Ohmygod, Will!" Beverly blurted out. "What's that?!" Slowly, he realized what was happening. Will promptly hid his wounds under the blanket.

"Uh, emmmmm… A love bite?" He mumbled and rubbed his tired eyes. The two stared at him in disbelief. "Bev, Jack… What the heck are you doing here?!" In a glimpse of fear, Will glanced at the bed beside him, but the wendigo was fortunately gone. He realized how little he knew about where Hannibal kept going when he left him during nights… Hunting, maybe?

"A love bite, Will?! Are you fucking serious?! What-"

"That's not important right now!" Jack stopped her with a voice that didn't allow back-chat. "You have a problem, Will!"

"For real?! I guess Beverly told you I need a week off! And the fact you don't agree gives you no right to invade my house like this!" Will huffed with anger.

"Will!" It seems like Beverly knew what was going on and didn't consider Will's voice tone to be an appropriate reaction. But he couldn't agree.

"No, Bev! I'm sorry and I like you but screw it!" He sat on the edge of his bed, the blanket still wrapped around his whole body. "This is the end, Jack, do you understand?! Our cooperation is over, no more consulting on cases, no matter how many people will be in danger! Now, get the fuck out of my house!"

Will was about to lie back into the bed when Jack shouted at him angrily: "You think you can get away this easily?! How ridiculous! Get your stupid ass out of bed before I put the handcuffs on you right away and ask for the explanation at a police station!" Will blinked at him, confused again.

Handcuffs??? What happened?!

Beverly tried to calm down her boss, touching his shoulder. "Come on, Jack. I don't believe a little bit that Will would-"

"What are you two talking about?!" Will felt a terrible headache creeping around. He needed to know already.

The voice of his boss dropped an octave and recognizably darkened: "Graham, I won't repeat myself – get out of bed!"

"Yeah, gosh…!" Led by anger Will pushed the blanket away and stood up in front of Jack only in his underwear. "Here I am! Are you happy now?!" Then he glanced at the person next to Jack. "Sorry, Bev, I had no time to get dressed…"

"Not a bit!" growled Jack while Beverly mumbled:

"It's okay." She didn't mind, really. What much more interested her was a way how to slip behind him to get a good glance at the wounds she has seen a while ago. Jack had the most of Will's attention so it shouldn't be that difficult…

"I don't care," Will retorted to the other man, folding arms on his chest. "So, what's your problem, hm?!"

"Oh no, Will, it's mainly your problem! Do you remember those contaminated DNA samples from several murder cases from this," Jack spread his hands, "area?!" Will frowned, rubbed his eyes and forehead as he pretended to recall all these memories. Of course, he remembered!

"Yeah, something with DNA of Doctor Lecter who should be dead… And what about that?"

"It didn’t stop! And because there have been no signs of decomposition, it's more as if someone from the inside is doing that!" Jack reminded him of a tiger before an attack.

"Well, that sounds logical – but why are you yelling at me about that?!"

"Because our internal inspection showed nothing, Will! And because samples from the last body contained also your DNA!" Will's chin dropped a bit before Jack continued: "So I'm curious. Is that because you are behind the samples contamination – or the murder itself?! There were some strange murders around your house lately!"

"Jack, that… You can't be serious!" Pupils of Will's eyes widened as the full realization hit him hard.

"During the last days, you have been behaving strangely, Will." Jack's voice softened as he was about to say something he didn't want to. "Stranger than usual. And I have no other cho-"

"Oh - my - god!" Beverly gasped from nowhere. They both looked around to find her. She stood behind Will, eyes wide opened, one hand over her also opened mouth. "Who the fuck did it to you, Will???"

Jack grabbed Will's arm to keep him still and looked at his back himself. "What…?!"

"Look, people, calm down," blurted Will, chocked. "It's nothing…"

"Nothing?! Are you crazy?!" To avoid boring stereotypes, now it was Beverly who yelled at him.

"Randall Tier did it, okay?! He was already dead, therefore there was no need to bring it up. I wanted to be alone, not spend a day being photographed as an evidence!"

Without thinking about his words any further, Beverly yelled at him again: "That's so terribly irresponsible of you! What if he had HIV, or hepatitis, or anything else?!"

"Had he?" Will raised an eyebrow.

"No, but-" she shook her head and her face changed. As if she suddenly realized something.

"So you see, it's nothing. And do you know what? That's how the murderer or his man in the lab got my DNA. They simply took it from Randall's claws and kept it for later!" Sparks shot out of Will's eyes when this excuse crossed his mind. Despite the fact it was kind of a lame one…

Jack looked straight into Beverly's eyes: "Is it possible?"

"P-probably y-es. Yes, I think i-it is," she smiled nervously.

"Unbelievable!" Jack turned his eyes up. "I seriously believed you have something to do with all the mess. But now, I really have no idea where the weak spot is… I'm about to start to believe that the good Doctor Lecter is walking around and killing people in his eighty-something years…"

"That's stupid, how would an old man have killed Tier in his mechanical suit?! But whatever," Will huffed, all angry and nervous. "You are leaving, right?!"

"Yes, of course. But you should not leave the state before we find out the culprit! And next time don't hide the evidence!"

"Tse…" Will turned back at him. Beverly stopped Jack from telling anything else. She led him toward the door but didn't go out herself.

"Look, Jack, I thought I would stay a while longer and try to calm him down. Okay?" Jack nodded and so she closed the door behind him.

Will noticed immediately. "You aren't leaving?" One of his eyebrows rose as he turned toward her.

"No way! And you are going to tell me the truth! Now!" Her clenched fists showed how serious she was at the moment.

Tell Jack

Chapter Summary

Will Will tell Beverly the truth about his injuries?

***
This fanfic is inspired by Abenaki story about the Water Wendigo as introduced here.

It's finished, I'll try to post 1 chapter a day. I have a few illustrations drawn by some lovely Fannibals, too! (if you want to add more, I'd love it!)

Thank you a lot for being my awesome beta, dear @vinylmurdersuit (twitter)

The non-con warning is for chapter 21 and 22! (plus it's time to time mentioned/referenced in following chapters)

"I don't understand what-"

"Stop it, Will! I know your injuries are much newer than you said." Beverly eyed him with a judging look. *What are you hiding???*

"Then why did you tell Jack otherwise?" With a sigh, he sat back on the bed edge.

"Because I know you, Will. I know you have nothing to do with the contamination, let alone the murders. I just wanted to send Jack away. But now I want to hear the truth!" However, Will only shook his head. She rolled her sharp eyes and sat next to him. Forcing his hand up, Beverly pointed a finger to his side. "According its shape, this is a human bite! It happened that last time I was here, right?"

"Maybe… Look, Bev, this really isn't your business. I appreciate that you care but-"

But she didn't let him finish: "Was it him? Your new boyfriend?! Will, you can't allow anyone to hurt you like this!"

"It won't happen again…"

"Should I tell you what's the statistical probability that you are terribly wrong???"

"Go ahead!" He frowned, tired from this discussion.

"It's huge, gosh!" Beverly rubbed her forehead. She would have never expected to have this talk with a man. Well, with anyone actually. "They are always apologizing, always promising! Don't tell me you are still together?!" Will only shrugged. "Do you realize," even she just realized that

and gasped a bit. "When it was him and not Tier who injured you, it most likely was also him who left your DNA on the other victim!?" If only she had come to that conclusion earlier! She wouldn't have sent Jack away… "You have to tell me his name and where to find him! I mean… Maybe it wasn't him, but we need to ask him several questions if nothing else. Do you understand?!"

"It's not possible…" Will sighed and looked away. He felt shame for treating her like this. Beverly was his friend, wanted nothing but to help him. However, she wouldn't understand or agree with the relationship he had built with the wendigo. She wouldn't accept nor forgive the dead bodies which his beast kept leaving behind, would she? While Will couldn't be mad at him anymore for doing what he was made to do…

"Will!" Beverly frowned at him like a devil himself. "Speak!"

He smiled and it seemed somehow disturbing. "Do you want to hear the truth?" Quickly, she nodded. "Well… I can't tell you where to find him because I don't know. And you can't even arrest him because he isn't a human being. That's it. The truth." She wouldn't believe it anyway, Will was sure of it.

"That's really funny," her frown deepened. "So, you won't tell me?!"

"I have nothing more to say… Yes, he hurt me – but then he hurt himself to make sure it won't ever repeat. Take it as you want, I can't just ignore such a sacrifice. And I really truly have no idea where he went or whether he will ever return." *But I wish he will* , Will added silently.

"So he is not a human being, yeah?" Beverly blinked and sighed aloud. "But not even animals are allowed to kill people! Come on, don't be stupid! The whole story makes no sense!"

"Looks like I am the stupid one, there is no escape…"

She threw her hands up. "I have to tell Jack."

"Do as you wish. And tell him I meant what I said. Our deal is over! If he needs me to sign something, he can send it with the agents who will watch my house." Will only got a furious look before she promptly left his house.

No more words, just an angry slam of the door.

Falling apart

Chapter Summary

Will's life is changing dramatically.

***

This fanfic is inspired by Abenaki story about the Water Wendigo as introduced here.

It's finished, I'll try to post 1 chapter a day. I have a few illustrations drawn by some lovely Fannibals, too! (if you want to add more, I'd love it!)

Thank you a lot for being my awesome beta, dear @vinylmurdersuit (twitter)

The non-con warning is for chapter 21 and 22! (plus it's time to time mentioned/referenced in following chapters)

Will felt as if his whole life was falling apart.

Everything he knew, everything he used to do… No FBI, no teaching anymore. But were these really only his own feelings? Or also Hannibal's? Maybe they really weren't that different.

He dressed up quickly, something soft enough for his wounds and warm enough for the cold outside. Will decided to take his dogs for a walk, as they hadn't been on a proper one for days.

An idea of running somewhere far far away, somewhere where Jack wouldn't be able to find him, crossed Will's mind. But the wendigo most likely wouldn't find him either and he had nowhere to go anyway. Sure, he would be able to survive on his own, but what he couldn't do anymore was leaving Hannibal behind…

He led his pack deeper into the forest. Naked branches of sleeping trees and white snow surrounded them. It was a nice afternoon, although a bit cold. The dogs enjoyed their little games and generally ignored Will looking around in slight distraction. But no other being came to his sight.

No one.

Until, on their way back – the wind whispered his name. It was barely audible at first. But the howling seemed closer and the sound of Will's name clearer, the more his dogs were disturbed. Soon, it became apparent that the sound wasn't just his imagination. After another useless attempt to look around, Will finally spotted a dark silhouette sneaking between the trees. His gaze focused on it and unlike what most people would do, his face lit up. Allowing the dogs to back off a bit, he

slowly stepped forward to his missed companion. Only now he fully acknowledged how true and intense his fear of losing Hannibal forever actually was. When they finally met, the wendigo hunkered down in front of him and focused his hazy eyes onto the face smiling down at him.

"Wiiiill," Hannibal repeated with a passionate voice. Then he raised a piece of meat clenched in his claws up to Will. It was more than raw, bright blood still dripping on both torn ends. A piece of a human arm, with no doubt. Will glanced at it, not sure what he was supposed to do. The wendigo huffed and imitated a bite before he offered the meat to Will once again.

"Will, Hannibal, same…" he growled through his fangs.

Now, Will finally understood what that was about. "You wanna me to eat it? Just like that?" Seeing the raw piece of meat, Will's stomach turned upside down. On the other hand, he had learned from the old stories that this was how humans might become wendigos. By eating their own kind willingly. If it worked, he would be able to run away with Hannibal, together. The wendigo surely had his own safe place somewhere.

"Oh my god…" Will mumbled before he took the meat into his own hands. It was still warm. He shivered but couldn't think about the human who died for it. No, it was just meat now – he wouldn't even know this person as he had never known those who had died for the meat in his freezer. Not that it helped him much because a source of the meat aside, it was still raw, bloody, and covered in rough skin. Will tried his best but couldn't really bite off an edible piece of the arm. Human teeth simply weren't meant to tear raw flesh. And the terrible feeling of disgust grew in his innards with every minute.

In the end, he simply threw the thing away, with notable anger. "It's impossible. I, can't, sorry." The wendigo growled at him before picking the arm up. He himself bit off a piece of its meat, chewed it a little, then straightened up. Despite all the warm feelings Will cherished for the beast, having him this close and so much taller made the man shiver. The dead arm was left down in the cold snow as the wendigo's long fingers hooked on Will's shoulders. He had to lift his head to see into Hannibal's white eyes. The dark face was looking down at him, smiling with his mouth still full of meat. There was a question hidden behind Will's eyelids as he blinked and one of the hands on his shoulders moved to touch his chin. Will could feel sharp claws scraping on his nape and his heartbeat sped up. His much smaller human hand cupped the wendigo's one before their lips connected. Will's pupils widened when Hannibal's rough tongue slid into his mouth, transferring the chewed meat. The metallic taste of blood and a slick touch of the raw meat mixed with the wendigo's saliva overwhelmed his senses.

Despite how disgusting it actually was, the wendigo didn't part their lips until Will swallowed everything – and Will didn't want him to. It was weird. And it somehow felt fine. A while after, Hannibal carefully observed Will's face, looking for any sign of discomfort. There was none. Will only breathed out aloud and smiled at his dark companion. His thumb found the wendigo's lips, brushed over them, and then slipped inside gently. The sharp fangs were still there, of course, they were. Will imagined some growing in his own mouth, these magnificent, beautiful teeth…

"More," he whispered and felt his cheeks getting red. Will needed to look away for a while so he bent his own knees to pick up the rest of meat from the snow under their feet. Hannibal didn't take it from him. His soft fingers curled over Will's and together brought it up to wendigo's mouth. Everything repeated until nothing but bones remained. They let them fall back to the ground.

Fearful predator

Chapter Summary

Eating the raw meat maybe wasn't the best idea, or...?

***

This fanfic is inspired by Abenaki story about the Water Wendigo as introduced here.

It's finished, I'll try to post 1 chapter a day. I have a few illustrations drawn by some lovely Fannibals, too! (if you want to add more, I'd love it!)

Thank you a lot for being my awesome beta, dear @vinylmurdersuit (twitter)

The non-con warning is for chapter 21 and 22! (plus it's time to time mentioned/referenced in following chapters)

"I think," Will almost followed the bones but in the wendigo's arms he caught his balance again. "My head is spinning a little… And I almost don't feel my toes. I think I should go back inside." He kissed Hannibal once again, breathing in the smell of his fur. "Are you coming with me?" The wendigo nuzzled against Will's throat before followed him in complete silence.

At home, Will patiently waited for all his nervous dogs to come in despite the wendigo, then locked the cold outside. Quickly, he threw his jacket, sweater and warm shoes away. It was clear that his body didn't react well with the raw bloody meat. The blood itself was meant to be a natural emetic. And that was exactly how he felt – as if going to throw up within each minute. Sweat started running down his body despite the fact he had already taken off all the warm clothes and there was no extra warmth in the room. Will felt terrible in general. With several cramps in his stomach he realized what a terrible idea it had been to allow the wendigo to feed him that meat. After all, when Hannibal said the same, he might have been thinking simply about eating the same things, not a transformation.

A moment later Will ran to the kitchen sink, convinced the vomit would come right away. It didn't. He just stood there, bent over, hands hooked on its cold silver edge and breathing deeply. Maybe it would be actually helpful to empty his stomach but if possible, Will decided not to do that. His guest wouldn't understand and the truth was Will himself asked to be fed. He simply didn't want to-

Without any and all noises, the wendigo appeared behind Will, embraced him and pressed against his whole body. He buried his nose in Will's nape before he purred with a deep husky voice: "Same…" Despite Hannibal wass trying to comfort him, Will froze underneath, his fingers

clenched on the sink edge. The memories the wendigo wakened with this touch were still too vivid…

"Not the same," he managed to force out after a breathless minute. "The meat made me feel terrible. But we are together. Now, that's all I need." With these words he finally dared to twist himself in the wendigo's arms. But the only difference was that he stared directly at the wendigo's teeth, which caused the bite on Will's side to throb. Completely unaware that Will felt trapped, the wendigo kept staring at him like the curious beast he was. He tried to understand things written in Will's face, his rapid heartbeat,… It all made Will even more nervous. He had no idea where to focus his own eyes. He couldn't just look into the predator's eyes while being this close, could he? After a while which seemed like eternity Hannibal licked Will's cheek and purred softly, which finally made the man laugh.

What a fearful predator you are!

The next morning happened to be unpleasantly familiar. Will woke up alone, in his bad damp with sweat. He felt on fire, his head ached and the strange throbbing in his healing wounds was alarming. He cried out of agony. Might it be a result of food poisoning? Or should he really visit a hospital or physician with his injuries to avoid infection? Will looked at a scratch on his left forearm – it really seemed too red around its edges.

Damn .

Despite each part of his body protested, Will moved himself out of the bed. Even the dogs noticed something was wrong, their morning greetings were shorter than usual and somehow watchful. He swallowed several aspirin pills, they always helped him a little bit when he had encephalitis. Despite he drank a lot of water, the idea of eating literally anything made him nauseous. Rather, Will put on some warm clothes again to take the pack outside. In case he was going to end up in a hospital again, they deserved it. Also, there was a slight chance that fresh air and some movement would help him feel better.

Despite snow being everywhere around and white mist coming out of his mouth, Will felt as if he was boiling in the clothes. Everything inside him screamed: *Take them off!* But his logical self knew such a move would make it even worse.

Yet, their walk was shorter than usual. Once the door closed behind them, Will threw the warm clothes across the room. *Finally!* Now it was definitely time to eat something but did he feel like doing so? He would probably throw up immediately… So he drank more water to at least avoid dehydration due his extreme sweating. The fever was so terrible Will decided to stay almost naked, only in his underwear. Yet it didn't help much. The scratches on his skin were still alarmingly red, he felt like flowing away on waves of the fever. He was so tired even though he had just woken up about an hour ago. The last thing Will could imagine doing was actually going to a hospital – despite his growing feeling it would be the best thing, too. He curled up in one of his armchairs; and fell asleep in about five minutes.

When he was woken up this time, it took him a while to understand where and mainly when he was. It seemed kind of dark outside, but it couldn't be twilight already! *Or...?* Then Will's attention focused on the main door - the noise of them opening that brought him back to the world of the living. His wendigo stood there, round-shouldered toward Will and sniffing the air. The

man forced himself to smile. Not that he didn't want to, he actually did, but the state of his body made the possibility of a scream more accurate.

"I'm sorry, feel really bad today. I won't be good company," he sighed as Hannibal got closer. Will's headache was even worse, mainly somewhere in the area between forehead and temples. The only answer which came from the wendigo was his teeth bared in a copy of human smile before he grabbed Will's arm. And tugged. "Not today," Will mumbled, then reached his free hand, unbelievably heavy, to pet the wendigo's head, right between the antlers. Despite leaning toward the touch, Hannibal tugged again.

"Come," he purred. "Wiiill! Same…" Will understood nothing at this point, with his brain on fire. But the wendigo kept pressing on so he lifted from the armchair. Once on his feet, Hannibal pulled Will right to the door.

"Wait! If we are going outside, I need to put on some clot-" The wendigo growled at him, kept pulling. Will had no strength to argue with him. And despite how stupid it must have been, he actually desired nothing but to melt in the outside cold. The heat was beyond terrible.

The first steps of his bare feet in the snow hurt. It was like stepping on a needle – a lot of needles. But after a while, Will felt nothing and thanks to his fever, the cold air around seemed actually kind of pleasant. Despite this, Will knew he would only get sicker. But did it matter? Hannibal let him toward the forest and he gave up. Trembling with cold and fever, Will followed the beast between trees.

But did he really want to die like this, by a stupid mistake?

At some point he decided to stop and say something.

So Tired

Chapter Summary

Not kill, change, as Will once told Hannibal in the show.
Right?
But is there really a difference...?

***
This fanfic is inspired by Abenaki story about the Water Wendigo as introduced here.

It's finished, I'll try to post 1 chapter a day. I have a few illustrations drawn by some lovely Fannibals, too! (if you want to add more, I'd love it!)

Thank you a lot for being my awesome beta, dear @vinylmurdersuit (twitter)

The non-con warning is for chapter 21 and 22! (plus it's time to time mentioned/referenced in following chapters)

"This is not a good idea, Hannibal! Humans can't simply-" Will couldn't even finish the sentence. His guide growled at him once more, then knocked Will down as if he was nothing but a dangerous monster again. "Gosh!" Will gasped as coldness of the snow surrounded his whole body. It bit his muscles like a rabid fox. At first, Will thought his skin was going to crack.

"You're gonna kill me," warned Will's hoarse voice since the wendigo refused to let him up. His smile which dominated Will's sight was terrifying, no one but Hannibal himself would be able to say if it meant good or bad. "Come on, let me go!" Panic in his voice rose as he began to shake like an aspen leaf. The wendigo just tilted his head and kept pressing Will down with one of his clawed hands. With the other hand he slowly heaped up the cold snow onto Will. His body heat made it melt at first, which only encouraged Hannibal to add more. The only good thing seemed to be that Will couldn't feel his throbbing and aching skin anymore.

"Wha- Whatcha doing?!" It became harder to breathe and although the hand pressing Will down disappeared meantime, he wasn't able to stand up anymore. With his teeth chattering Will sounded like a broken play box. The wendigo only hissed which suspiciously recalled perfectly human *shhhh* sound.

Soon, Will's body was fully buried. Only his head remained free so he could see the wendigo lying down next to him. Their eyes locked and Will found deep calm in Hannibal's. Maybe there was a plan after all or maybe it was their last goodbye. Either way, Will couldn't fight his fate anymore. He let his eyelids slide down, sloooowly, and faded into the peaceful void of sleep. The wendigo's sight followed him there.

Why is it that cold makes people feel so tired?

The pain returned and hit with an unexpected strength. It woke Will from his sleep of unconsciousness and literally threw him out of the snow grave with a supernatural scream on his lips. The wendigo next to him jumped up as well and quickly backed off. Will's own body felt too heavy when he turned around to finally lift up. Instead, another wave of pain pushed him down, on knees and all fours. It felt like getting hit with a whip again and again. Or being kicked in the ribs. Or-

Ahhhhhhhh!

The s cratches on his back cracked, Will felt the skin tearing apart and blood flowing from reopened wounds. His fingers clenched deep in the snow underneath but the pain that caused was nothing in comparison to the agony throughout Will's whole body. With another vicious yell Will's mouth filled with blood as his teeth began falling out. His innards suffered as much as the rest of his body. If Will wouldn't choke on his own blood, he would call for death to take him already. Never, ever in his life had Will felt even half of the pain he was experiencing now.

Will would die or he would kill to make it stop!

Instead, he could only bend and curl up. Not even the blessing of unconsciousness found him in the sleeping forest. The knowledge of his bones breaking and everything changing was somewhere deep behind the wish to feel nothing for all and any price.

The Same

Chapter Summary

It's done :)

***

This fanfic is inspired by Abenaki story about the Water Wendigo as introduced here.

It's finished, I'll try to post 1 chapter a day. I have a few illustrations drawn by some lovely Fannibals, too! (if you want to add more, I'd love it!)

Thank you a lot for being my awesome beta, dear @vinylmurdersuit (twitter)

The non-con warning is for chapter 21 and 22! (plus it's time to time mentioned/referenced in following chapters)

Hannibal, on the other hand, watched everything with undeniable fascination.

He had never seen this happening to anyone else. He remotely remembered how overwhelming the pain had been and nothing more had found its way into his memories. He watched Will's feet getting longer and his fingers completely remodeled. Tatters of skin were falling down from his back and the snow under him was changing into a bloodbath.

At some point the ache and pulsing in Will’s head became unbearable. It felt like a hammer striking into his temples from inside when Will raised his hands to them. But instead of fingers, it seemed as if he shoved blades through the scalp. Will cried out again and dropped his hands back down – together with the remains of his skin and hair. He caught himself crying bloody tears, his heart beating so fast like it would burst out of his chest any minute. Will barely noticed when Hannibal purred in a useless attempt to make Will feel better. For now, there was no way he could really help.

After a while, Will finally lost strength in his limbs and fell on his side, into the bloody snow. Breathing heavily, he realized the pain had eased off a little, but it was hardly over. Small crystals of ice thawed under the warm air coming out of Will's nostrils and he tried to focus only on that single part of his current reality.

Somewhere around him, Hannibal purred again. Pressed as close to the ground as possible, he crawled closer to where Will was resting. Once he reached the first bloody tatter of human skin slowly freezing in the show, he sniffed in its well-known smell. Carefully, Hannibal tasted it with his dark tongue – the most desired yet forbidden flavor.

But not anymore!

With huge satisfaction he chewed up the piece of skin and then any other he could find around him. Not a single part of his Will was going to be wasted. When there was no skin left, Hannibal carefully eyed the panting creature resting nearby. Staying pressed down to not startle him, Hannibal slowly crawled to the transformed body, letting out silent comforting noises. Will's new fur was full of torn meat and clammy with blood. Still, he was nothing but beautiful in Hannibal's eyes. After the first cautious touch, when Will did nothing, Hannibal continued licking all the mess off his hair. The purring sound escaping Hannibal's throat was fully spontaneous this time. He continued, enjoying the taste and their closeness, until his tongue reached Will's cheeks. The sweet flavor of blood melted with salt tears right there which made Hannibal stop. Will's eyes were widened, watching the wendigo in front of him with no expression.

The sight was blank as pages of Will's new life…

Hannibal smiled at him and let out a kind coo. Then he took one of Will's hands into his own and brought it in front of his blue eyes.

"Same," Hannibal purred while Will stared at his own hand covered in black fur, with longer fingers and short but sharp obsidian claws on top of each. It took an instant before Will snarled and twisted from Hannibal's clasp. Slowly, because echoes of the pain were still present, he sat. For the first time, Will started to examine his new body. With a single angry move he threw away the bloody mess which some time ago had been his underwear. He found out it released a pressure on his short tail – he had never noticed such a body part on Hannibal and now touched it with a kind of surprise. From there his hand moved down to one of his feet. Lengthened and tightened tendons right there felt so much better under his careful pressure!

Such a huge change made Will realize that he has absolutely no idea how to walk on these things. Only after he moved the big hooves of his own accord did he fully believe they actually belonged to him. What a strange feeling! From feet his examining touches suddenly moved up toward teeth. Will only remembered flashes of losing them through the excruciating pain and splashes of blood. There were no memories of the long fangs growing in.

Yet, they were right there, in his mouth.

In the following move he stuck out his tongue. For the first time Will could see it close enough to recognize it was covered in rough hook-like bumps. That clearly was the reason why licks from Hannibal had been giving him grass-burns!

The last thing he was particularly curious about lay a bit higher than his mouth. Will let his fingers wander up over cheeks and temples to where skin was still tensed and skull in pungent pain. His head didn't seem much heavier than before and soon, Will found out why. There were no majestic antlers as Hannibal had, only two short tips covered in soft velvet. That revelation made him frown, feel like a little immature boy in comparison to the wendigo beside him. Although, he was nothing more in this new form to which he had just born.

Until then, Will didn't notice all the outside elements attacking his senses. But since he did, it became overwhelming. And all of it, every blow of the wind and each instinct in his new body, led him down toward the blood in the snow. Yes, it was Will's – but human Will's. Human blood all around! The young wendigo bent his back and buried his nose in there. He started digging in it

and swallowing the bloody snow like a weird ice-cream. Soon, he was completely lost in the flavor, ignoring the rest of the world.

Hannibal watched him the whole time with half-amused, half-proud eyes. Now, when Will stopped paying attention to everything, he decided to reach for him once again. Carefully, Hannibal stretched out one hand and allowed his fingers to slowly brush through curls of Will's fur between his growing antlers. First of all, Will stopped moving and snarled aloud. However, in the next moment he leaned into the touch. A pleased purr left his throat once the fingers knowingly kneaded Will's tender skin around antlers. He gave it a while but then Will's head raised and he grabbed Hannibal by the scruff of his neck. The older wendigo growled as his hand fell off Will. He bent backwards under pressure but his eyes kept following Will who pulled him closer. Lifting himself up on knees, he was now a bit higher than Hannibal. His other hand clutched around Hannibal's chin and forced him to open his mouth.

Will smelled blood from there, too, much stronger than from the snow!

Warm and safe

Chapter Summary

Hannibal knows how things in the animal kingdom go... Instincts are strong and so are Wendigo desires. What will happen? :))))

***

This fanfic is inspired by Abenaki story about the Water Wendigo as introduced here.

It's finished, I'll try to post 1 chapter a day. I have a few illustrations drawn by some lovely Fannibals, too! (if you want to add more, I'd love it!)

Thank you a lot for being my awesome beta, dear @vinylmurdersuit (twitter)

The non-con warning is for chapter 21 and 22! (plus it's time to time mentioned/referenced in following chapters)

There was no effort to be kind when he got yet closer to sniff in the stunning fragrance. Not even when Will kissed him the other moment. More than kissing Hannibal, he just tried to lick out every single remnant of blood – but then it ended up like a kiss. Before it was over, Hannibal slipped out of his grip.

Abashed but with no hesitation he offered himself to Will. Head and upper body pressed submissively down into the snow while showing up his butt. He was prepared for any and all expressions of dominance, revenge, or simple desire – all that his damaged body in the presence of a strong young male expected anyway. Hannibal prepared himself for what he thought Will had all rights to do, trying to look over his shoulder – to at least see it coming.

Will glanced at him with a loud hiss. He understood.

Still on his knees, he turned toward Hannibal and grabbed him by hips; pulled him closer. The other wendigo didn't even realize his tail was anxiously pressed down until Will's nose barely touched its hair. He sniffed in Hannibal's scent, wrote it deep into his memory so he could trace him anywhere in the world if needed. Then he purred and pressed two fingers against Hannibal's nape. He was nothing but tensed when Will trailed them down his spine. He stopped at the tail tip, then kindly cupped Hannibal's buttocks and lower back with palms before he pressed it down to his heels.

Hannibal whimpered in confusion which only made Will growl his disagreement. He reached over to grab Hannibal by his mane and forced him to turn around as he pulled Hannibal's face closer.

"No!" Will himself was surprised how rough and hoarse his voice sounded. It was hardly understandable but they both already knew what he meant to say. Will realized his vocal cords were new as well and he had yet to learn how to use them. Even further, it didn't seem like they were made for human speech. Now, it was clear why Hannibal had always spoken so little despite probably understanding all Will's words. He coughed to clear his throat and tried again:

"Same!" Will let the word out with bigger emphasis than ever before. His hand clenched in Hannibal's mane released the grip so he could sit more comfortably. However, Will left his fingers right there, fondling Hannibal who immediately leaned into the touch. "Equal…" Will whispered through silent purring and Hannibal nodded. There was no need to say more, he knew. If Will would accept Hannibal's offer, sacrifice, right here and now, it wouldn't be about love. It would be only about power, violence. That shouldn't happen to them ever again, no. If they were supposed to… mate sometime in the future, it couldn't be a result of anything but their mutual love and desire.

They both smiled in the same moment. Will cradled his neck once again, then used the hand to pull Hannibal's head closer. Their foreheads met in the middle, warm breaths closed between them in a gray haze. It must have been cold around but they felt none of it. Will's hand slowly slid down to Hannibal's cheek, petting him right there until the older wendigo turned his face to lick Will's palm. It was soft like a kitty's paw, never touched anything else but Hannibal and the snow. They remained still for several minutes, warm and safe in each other's arms.

Until Will finally tried to stand up – and failed. He growled angrily, seeing Hannibal who just suppressed laughter. He knew this wouldn't be that easy…

Hannibal got up on his hooves quickly, with no troubles. Will hesitantly accepted an offered hand and this time actually raised up from the snow. The ground seemed almost too far from his new longer legs. It was like walking on really high heels but not quite the same. Strange feeling to lose one's toes… the bones and muscles in his feet had changed so much! Hannibal slowly released him from his arms but stayed prepared to catch him if he fell. Will kept looking at his companion while taking the first steps on his own. They were hesitant, felt strange, his body tended to shrug and rather use all fours… However, Will had no idea how to do that, either. So he just kept walking until those weird feelings faded.

By the time they returned back to Will's house, he could walk pretty well.

Will stopped at the forest edge and snarled. Hannibal looked in the same direction and noticed a car parked not too far from them. Will knew for sure it was a car of agents sent by Jack to keep an eye on him and his unknown boyfriend. How funny and far away it all seemed right now! Soon, Will looked from the car to Hannibal, pressed one palm against his slim belly. His companion understood. They exchanged baleful smirks and crept closer to the car. A thought crossed Will's mind, what if Jack sent someone he knew? *Would I eat them anyway?*

Always

Chapter Summary

It's the feast time...

***

This fanfic is inspired by Abenaki story about the Water Wendigo as introduced here.

It's finished, I'll try to post 1 chapter a day. I have a few illustrations drawn by some lovely Fannibals, too! (if you want to add more, I'd love it!)

Thank you a lot for being my awesome beta, dear @vinylmurdersuit (twitter)

The non-con warning is for chapter 21 and 22! (plus it's time to time mentioned/referenced in following chapters)

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

A thought crossed Will's mind, what if Jack sent someone he knew? *Would I eat them anyway?* But he fortunately hadn't…

Hidden in the darkness, they stopped right next to the car. Will had never before seen the faces of the two sleepy agents who sat inside. One of them noticed Will peeping through the glass. Her eyes widened, her face reflected the inner fight between fear and logical thinking. But she couldn't do anything else. Neither Will nor Hannibal gave her the time. In surprising synchronicity they broke the car windows on both sides. Shards of glass poured in and blinded the agents for long enough. They couldn't see two dark monsters showing themselves through the broken windows, they could only feel the claws on their shoulders and fangs tearing their throats.

There was no fight and for Will's first kill it was good. They pulled their prey out of the car. The smell of blood filled the air and the flavor in Will's mouth after the first bite was simply divine. He hadn't fully realized how huge his hunger for it was until he tasted it on his new tongue. No space for moral questioning remained when Will started to tear the dead warm corpse in his hands apart. The skin, muscles, tendons, cartilage… Will completely lost himself in the bloody feast. The crimson haze which stole his mind didn't disappear until only larger bones and destroyed clothes remained. Will stared at it and knew he should feel guilty, that he would feel so eventually… But now there was only a blissful feeling pouring through his whole body.

However, how long could that least?

Hannibal walked around the car to find him right in the moment when his hunger returned in its whole strength. The marvelous feeling changed into uneasiness and anger that the feast was over. An insistent urge to find another prey almost made him to leave Hannibal and…

What? What would I do, all alone?! Wil wrapped his arms around his currently trembling body and screamed aloud. Hannibal embraced him tight, purred into his ear. A while later, one of his hands found Will's belly and pressed against it.

"Always…" Hannibal growled with great sadness. There was something in his voice that almost sounded like an apology. Will would have to learn how to control his hunger or his hunger would control him. Frowning, Will scattered the remains with an angry swipe, and ran away. Hannibal worried the worst, that the young wendigo had decided to leave him. Without thinking any further, he followed Will – to stop him, beg if needed. He didn't want to be alone again.

Soon, it was clear where Will went. Several steps ahead of Hannibal, he reached the front door of his old house. The dogs were whining inside, confused by the scent of the creatures on its porch. Hannibal got to him right at the moment when Will pushed the door open. He worried that Will, who just discovered his hunger, might make a mistake which would haunt him for the rest of his life. However, once he stepped inside the dogs growled and backed away, toward the piano. And Will stopped right behind the door to not scare them more. Not even Winston came closer, not even when Will sat on his heels, reached a hand and cooed in the tiniest voice. Seeing them scared like that cut deep in his heart but he also understood. At the time, Will didn't fully believe himself, how could he expect anyone else to do so?

The dogs would probably do better in human care anyway… His arm slowly dropped down when someone touched Will's shoulder. Almost spontaneously, his hand went in that direction, too, until his long fingers clasped around Hannibal's. It was the time… But before he could leave, Will had to do one more thing.

He found his cell phone. It wasn't easy to handle such a small thing, yet he managed to press the right buttons and call the desired number. Someone answered the call after five rings and yawned instead of speaking.

"Beuv…" he tried to say and could only hope she'll understand his broken words. "Tauke care…" *of my dogs, of yourself* .

She frowned, now half-sitting in her bed. "Will? Is that you? What happened?!" Because Beverly couldn't see him, the first thing which crossed her mind was that the man, his 'boyfriend', returned and hurt him again. That would explain Will's hoarse voice. A quick look on her display assured her the caller was who she thought.

"Listen to me! There are two agents in a car near your house. If you need help-" He growled into the phone which made her stop. "W-will?"

"Goobeee," he mumbled and laid down the phone. With that move, Will's human life was over. Holding Hannibal's hand as if it was the last straw in an endless ocean, Will followed his dark guide back into the forest.

Winston ran out of the house, barking, which made Will turn back for the last time. But the dog stopped on the porch, watching him disappear in the night. In the distance, they could hear the well-known creek streams flowing under ice and Will knew they were going home…

Chapter End Notes

This could be the last chapter - but there will be 1 more just because :))) <3

Epilogue

Chapter Summary

The last goodbye <3

***

This fanfic is inspired by Abenaki story about the Water Wendigo as introduced here.

I have a few illustrations drawn by some lovely Fannibals, too! (if you want to add more, I'd love it!)

Thank you a lot for being my awesome beta, dear @vinylmurdersuit (twitter)

The non-con warning is for chapter 21 and 22! (plus it's time to time mentioned/referenced in following chapters)

It took just a moment for Beverly to realize something was terribly wrong. She knew there was only one thing to do. And she had to do it quickly. Jumping into her car, she dialed Jack and woke him up.

“What-“

“It’s Will, Jack! Hurry!” And she hung up.

Her house was closer to Wolf Trap than Jack’s so she arrived before everyone else. The place seemed abandoned, even from afar. As she passed around the car Jack had sent here to watch the house, she noticed broken glass and a lot of blood around. She slowed and immediately recognized some longer bones and shards of a skull in between the mess. Her body shivered, and her right hand quickly found the gun she carried on her belt.

Once Beverly left the car, a bunch of whining dogs pressed to her legs. The front door was opened, dark inside. Outside, too.

“What happened here, guys? Hm?” she petted a few of the furry noses, then looked around. One of the dogs stood aside from others, staring at the even darker edge of the forest. If only she could recall- “Winston?” *Right, that should be his name*.

The dog didn’t even move, only his long whine got a bit louder. When Beverly went to him, the other dogs ran back inside. Winston followed them immediately, once she passed by. For a while, Beverly stared into the forest as he did – but there was nothing there. Literally nothing, it felt like

looking into the void. The silence was howling around her ears. After a while, it became terrifying.

“Will?” she tried to call toward the silhouettes of trees. No one answered, which was probably good. She couldn’t stay there anymore but turning back to the wild darkness didn’t seem like an option. Slowly, Beverly backed to the house. Once she reached the porch, she quickly turned lights on. It felt much safer that way. Then she pulled out her cell phone again.

“Jack, where are you?!”

“On the way, 30 minutes.”

Beverly sighed. *Go FASTER!* “Will is gone, the agents are dead.”

“What?!” She had to pull the phone off her ear to ease Jack’s loud voice.

“You’ll see…” Beverly said nothing more, just hung up. At the same time, something big woke up in the forest, made an unexpected din, and flew away with a loud cackle. Beverly had enough. Together with all the dogs, she closed herself in the house. Too bad she had no idea where to find a key but it was still better than outside.

After 10 minutes spent sitting in a chair, she started looking around. The PC monitor placed in front of one of the big windows kept drawing her eyes long enough to tempt her in the end. Maybe Will had simply run away, maybe he was observing his options before… She hung up Will’s cellphone which was still beeping on the table and turned on the computer. No password, good. But there were only some pages with indigenous stories.

Stories about human-eating monsters.

Maybe it was just morbid curiosity. Just a little glimpse into Will Graham’s mind. However, it changed as she was reading through them. She looked around once again. There were scratches on the top part of doorposts as if made by a big antlered animal entering the house. There were also scratches on the table, where she had found Will’s cellphone before. She read back through the articles, they captivated her enough to not notice the people who appeared outside – until Jack Crawford opened the door abruptly.

“What are you doing with his PC?! That’s illegal! At least until-” he yelled immediately.

“I’m sorry, I just…”

“Damn, who cares. Did you find something? What happened to my agents?! And where the fuck is Will Graham?!” He was angry. A lot angrier than Will or any killer had ever before made him. He already saw what remained of the agents and knew their families won’t be happy either. Beverly gave him a long dark look.

“Do you believe in monsters, Jack?”

She lifted from the chair and Jack could see a drawing of a big humanoid creature with antlers on the monitor behind her.

“I can’t stay here anymore.” He didn’t even try to stop her as she headed back to her car. This place was dangerous. And they both could feel it in their bones.

Please drop by the Archive and comment to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!